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THE FINAL MYSTERY AT ELEUSIS.

[This myth is believed to have come from Egypt to Greece, and there to have formed part of the doctrine communicated to the initiated at the Eleusinian Mysteries. If this be so, it is important as a source to which may be traced certain aspects of the modern belief in the persistence of personality after death, and of the assurance felt by most religious thinkers that the individual soul, though merged in the Universal, will not lose the memory or the affections of its early life. —H. N.]

Hear now, O Soul, the last command of all—
When thou hast left thine every mortal mark,
And by the road that lies beyond recall
Won through the desert of the burning dark,
Thou shalt behold within a garden bright
A well, beside a cypress ivory-white.

Still is that well, and in its waters cool
White, white and windless sleeps that cypress-tree;
Who drinks but once from out her shadowy pool
Shall thirst no more to all eternity.
Forgetting all, by all forgotten clean,
His soul shall be with that which hath not been.

But thou, though thou be trembling with thy dread,
And parched with thy desire more fierce than flame,
Think on the stream wherefrom thy life was fed,
And that diviner fountain whence it came.
Turn thee and cry—behold it is not far—
Unto the hills where living waters are.

"Lord, though I lived on Earth, the child of Earth,
Yet was I fathered by the starry sky:
Thou knowest I came not of the shadows' birth,
Let me not die the death that shadows die.
Give me to drink of the sweet spring that leaps
From Memory's fount, wherein no cypress sleeps."

Then shalt thou drink, O Soul, and therewith slake
The immortal longing of thy mortal thirst;
So of thy Father's life shalt thou partake,
And be for ever that thou wert at first.
Lost in remembered loves, yet thou more thou
With them shalt reign in never-ending *Now*.

Henry Newbolt.

The Spectator.

SONGS OF CYMRU.

(After Ceiriog's "Alun Mabon.")

Songs of Cymru, through the years
Sounding still upon our ears;
Gay or grieving, loud or low,
Down the mountain wind they go;
Songs the old folk ever sung
Round the hearth when we were young.

Songs of love that set the leaves
Sighing round our cottage eaves;
Fragments fierce of battle tunes
Tempest-flung across the dunes;
Psalm and hymn the Cymro hears
In the music of the spheres!

Still the mountains stand rockfast,
Still around them roars the blast;
At the blueing of the day
Still outpours the pastoral lay;
Underneath the frowning scaur
Still the daisy lights her star;
But the sun and moon behold
Other shepherds than the old.

Over cottage, church, and grange
Steals the silent hand of Change;
Like the ocean's ebb and flow,
Generations come and go.
Life's tempestuous struggle o'er,
Alun Mabon is no more;
But unto the dear old tongue
Still the dear old songs are sung.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

The Athenæum.

GREAT BRITAIN, GERMANY AND THE UNITED STATES.

In much of the discussion that has recently been stirred up by Germany's naval expansion, it has been either assumed or openly stated that the matter is not one that concerns Great Britain and Germany alone, and that the United States is remotely but none the less unescapably affected by it. Put in this moderate form the proposition is, I think, indisputable, infinitely more so, at any rate, than some of the inferences drawn from it. The Americans, indeed, have not been slow to recognize and express their very real, if indirect, interest in the situation which threatens to throw Great Britain and Germany into an antagonism as sharp as that of two gladiators in a Roman arena. The gravity of the crisis has impressed them far more than our way of meeting it. We could not, as a matter of fact, have done more to alienate American sympathy than by the humiliating panics we have indulged in over phantom torpedo-boats, invisible airships, and belligerent German waiters. Like the rest of the world, Americans have noted our attack of "nerves" with ridicule and contempt, wondering, as they well might, what has come over us, and half-inclined to conclude that if we fail in the ordeal that awaits us it will be because we deserve to fail. But they have not on that account disguised from themselves that between American interests and the ultimate outcome, whatever it may be, of the prodigious preparations for war on both sides of the North Sea, there exists a tangible, and possibly a vital, connection. I do not say that the realization of this connection and of all that may be implied in it has as yet cut very deep into the American consciousness, or that it holds even a second place in the thoughts of the "man in the cars" and of the average journalist, or that it is potent enough to have any immediate influence on American policy or on the growth of American shipbuilding. Considering the self-contentment and isolation of American life, its happy or harmful immunity from the fierce juxtapositions and imminent contentions of Europe, and the lack of anything in the nature of a constant education in the realities of world-politics, one could not expect the ordinary, busy, and complacent citizen to feel much more than a purely spectacular interest in the successive phases of a distant old-world rivalry. That he should feel any sort of interest at all is, however, something; and that the better sort of American journals and of American politicians and publicists should not only discern but proclaim the fact that the German question is an American as well as a British question, is little less than revolutionary. Thirteen years ago, at any rate, when I first visited America, nothing like it would have been possible. Americans in 1896 would not merely have disavowed, they would not even have suspected, any relationship whatever between their own fortunes and policies and the rivalries of two European Powers. Had the Anglo-German situation in its present or anything like its present form developed a decade and a half ago, Americans would have discussed it, as they discussed the Græco-Turkish war, with a wholly impersonal detachment, and would have repudiated with the most ingenuous incredulity any suggestion that its issue could possibly affect or involve themselves. In those untroubled days

they agreed with St. Paul that it is only the fool whose eyes are on the ends of the earth. International politics had no meaning for them; they were a hermit nation, eminently self-centered and incurious, surveying the outer world with an almost comical pity as an institution whose one office of utility was to serve as a foil to the singular blessedness of American conditions. To-day, as the reflex of those breathless events that in the last twelve years have transformed the American Republic into an Empire, established her as an Asiatic Power, given her knowledge and experience, and brought her at more than one point into somewhat hazardous contact with the nations of the Orient and Occident alike, the old instinctive attitude of provincialism and disdain has been, not destroyed, but sensibly weakened. The discussion of the Anglo-German problem throughout the United States has been far wider, better informed, and more realistic than would have been possible before the Spanish-American war; and the number of Americans who perceive and acknowledge its bearings on American interests is far greater and far more authoritative than it could have been in the days when, apart from the Monroe Doctrine, the United States had virtually no external policy or commitments whatever.

But the change which has come over America's position and outlook is visible not merely in the amount and quality of the attention directed toward the gathering stringency of Anglo-German relations, but also in the whole tone of American comment and criticism. A decade and a half ago, it is not too much to say, Americans were incapable of a calm consideration of any fact or incident that concerned, however remotely, their relations with Great Britain. The spontaneous outburst of Anglophobia that followed on Mr. Cleveland's Venezuelan Message of 1895 showed that a generation of Americans had grown up since the Civil War, nourished on the old traditions and entirely unconscious of the great change in British sentiment which synchronized with, and was largely caused by, the triumph of democracy in the politics of the United Kingdom. I need not trace the various influences and events which, in the past ten or twelve years, have brought enlightenment in a flood, have effectually ousted the old suspiciousness and ill-will, and have formulated Anglo-American relations on what has all the appearance of being an enduring basis of common sympathies and interests. It is enough to register the fact that the whole spirit of American comment on the recent developments in the Noth Sea attests a change that has all the sweep of a revolution in the national attitude towards the people and policies of Great Britain. You will hardly anywhere find in the United States, outside the ranks of the Irish-Americans and German-Americans, a single journal that favors Germany's naval ambitions, or that does not regard the growth of the German Navy as a direct challenge to Great Britain's supremacy at sea, or that does not perceive that if maritime ascendancy were to pass into German hands American interests of all kinds would not be merely prejudiced, but severely and perhaps permanently dislocated. There is a renewed and a more vivid consciousness of the innumerable bonds that link the United States to Great Britain and of the staggering shock that American commerce and power—to say nothing of other and rarer possessions—would experience if the might of Great Britain were to be suddenly humbled. However much Americans might gird at our diplomacy and our Empire and the form of our civilization, I have never

got the impression that they grudged us, or conceived themselves menaced by, our command of the sea. They are well aware that the possession of Canada binds us automatically to good behavior throughout the Americas; while they do not attach the same degree of magnanimity as certain Englishmen to the fact that a Power already gorged to repletion refrains from asking for more and somewhat irritatingly proclaims its perfect satisfaction with the *status quo*, they do not regard us as an aggressive nation, or our maritime strength as an instrument of spoliation; they know that our abandonment of one naval and military station after another in the West Indies and Canada is a tacit acknowledgement that we have wiped the United States from the list of possible enemies; they know, too, that except for purposes of Parliamentary debate the two-Power standard is calculated without reference to the American Navy; and they have long since acquitted us of all "designs" upon the Monroe Doctrine. I hardly think it an exaggeration to say that so long as they do not themselves care to be the first naval Power in the world, Americans would rather see Great Britain than any other nation at the head of the list.

Least of all, in my judgment, would they relish the prospect of Germany reaching that position. During the past twelve years a certain suspiciousness of Germany has permeated American opinion. It is founded perhaps at bottom on incompatability of temper. There are two instincts derived from their past which have struck firm roots in the national character and outlook of the American people. One is their dislike of kingship; the other is their dislike of bureaucracy. Germany offends against both instincts. Great Britain does not, partly because while those Americans who regard the British Crown as a useful institution are comparatively few, and those who regard it with a more or less kindly amusement are very many, there is a general recognition that democracy in Great Britain, in spite of the monarchy, is the real and dominating fact. In Germany the case is held to be very different. Whereas Americans believe they detect in our form of government the veritable rule of the people, by the people, for the people, operating behind the veil of a constitional monarchy, in Germany they are persuaded that Parliamentary institutions serve merely as trappings for something little less than an effective and ubiquitous absolutism—an absolutism all the more offensive to their way of thinking because it appears to rest on a military, aristocratic, and beaureaucratic caste. The whole system which the Kaiser personifies, his whole conception of the State and of the respective parts that the people and the Sovereign should play in it, revolt not merely the opinion but the political conscience of the American people, and rasp unceasingly on their perfectly sincere and exalted sense of the worth and dignity of the individual and of the moral efficacy of "free institutions."

There exists, in short, between the genius of the two countries a permanent conflict of ideas and aspirations. Such a conflict is not in itself a bar to political friendship, or even to a political alliance when the argument from expediency or necessity is sufficiently strong. Two nations more absolutely different in the cast of their civilization and in their instinctive ways of looking at things than Russia and France, for instance, could hardly be imagined. But none of the secular conditions that dictated the Dual Alliance exists in the case of Germany and the United States. There has never been anything, except the slender bond of an interchange of educa-

tional ideas, to bridge the gulf of spiritual antipathy of which Americans never wholly lose the consciousness. On the contrary, whenever events, at any rate during the past ten or twelve years, have brought the two peoples into contact they have also brought them into conflict. The attitude, the decidedly waspish attitude, of Germany during the war with Spain, was one, and by no means the least startling, of the many surprises which that episode sprung upon the American people. The futile rudeness of the German squadron in Manila Bay, the Kaiser's swoop down upon the *disjecta membra* of the Spanish Empire in the Pacific, the clash over Samoa, and many smaller but not less irritating incidents, expanded the distrust of German policy into a national prepossession. Within a year of the signing of the Peace of Paris the Kaiser and the Wilhelmstrasse had between them contrived to oust Great Britain from her old position as the supreme object of American suspicion. All the doubts and apprehensions, the wilful misunderstandings, and irrational animosities that Americans used to project into their dealings with us, they have, since 1908, brought to bear against Germany. I do not say that the new enmity has any more root in reason than had the old. International likes and dislikes rarely are determined by broad principles of reason. As a rule, they are nothing but the outcome of caprice, and accident, and uninquiring prejudice—which is one of the causes why one should doubt whether anything is of so little consequence as not to have its influence in shaping national preferences and aversions. I merely state the fact that in American eyes at the beginning of the twentieth century it was no longer Great Britain but Germany that was "the enemy." Washington took to watching Berlin as the French Republic during the crisis of the Dreyfus case watched Paris, as Pretoria in the old days watched Johannesburg. The American Navy Department began quite openly to measure its requirements by the growth of German sea-power. When Mr. Hay failed, at the last moment, to carry through the negotiations for the purchase of the Danish West Indies, the conviction grew up that Germany, in some recondite manner, had blocked the sale. The conduct of the German troops in China during and after the relief of the Legations profoundly shocked the moral sense of America. The "man in the cars" came to look upon it as almost axiomatic that in her ceaseless endeavors to lower the social pressure by emigration and carve out exclusive preserves for her traders, Germany's ambitions would one day bring her inevitably athwart the Monroe Doctrine. It was the belief that Germany meant, if she could, to secure a foothold on South American soil and a naval station in South American waters that accounted for the explosion of angry amazement that greeted the Anglo-German Alliance of 1903 against Venezuela. Anybody, indeed, who is at all in touch with Americans is aware how keenly during recent years they have been exercised by the spectacle of Germany's growing stake and influence in Brazil, by rumors of her attempts to lease the island of Margarita, off the Venezuelan coast, as a naval base, and by speculations as to how far the Pan-German programme for the economic absorption of Holland would affect, if it were to be realized, the political interest of the United States in preserving the present status of the Dutch possessions in and about the Southern Continent. And whoever is aware of all this, is aware, also, how assiduously German diplomacy has worked, and how all but completely it has failed, to remove American suspicions of Ger-

many's aims and policies. The visit of Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's importunate gifts and blandishments, the sustained shower of articles and interviews which the late Baron von Sternberg, most zealous and ingratiating of ambassadors, kept up whenever Germany's acts or ambitions in Europe, in South America, or in the Far East were called into question, have only served to show that the latent uneasiness with which Americans follow Germany's activities will not be lightly dispelled.

This uneasiness has been in no way diminished by such study as Americans have been able to devote to Germany's European policy—by her championship, for instance, of Abdul Hamid in the days of his prosperity, by her pounce upon France in 1905, by her remorseless exploitation of Russia's weakness a few months ago, and by her swift accumulation of a material and political power almost Napoleonic in its range and effectiveness. But these events, while leaving on American observers a very definite impression both of Germany's might and of the uses to which she was prepared to put it, were too strictly European to excite them keenly. It is quite another matter now that she is seen to be stretching forth a hand for the trident so long and securely and with such general acquiescence held in the British grasp, now that she is making a bid, in circumstances desperate indeed but not hopeless, for the naval supremacy of the world. This is a development that all Americans look upon with a certain interest, that few or none view with approval, and that some, though probably not very many, regard with a proleptic apprehension. It is not merely because their commercial and financial interests are inextricably bound up with ours, or because wherever the two countries meet in the sphere of foreign affairs it is to prosecute a common policy, or because Great Britain and the United States stand substantially for the same principles in ethic and government, that Americans feel drawn towards the British rather than the German side of a struggle which, if it comes to a head, will be, as they are quick to see, a struggle for dominion on the part of Germany and a struggle for life on our part. It is also because Americans know that they can trust us, and are not yet convinced that they can trust Germany. Our supremacy at sea gives them not a moment's anxiety on behalf of a single one of their possessions or policies. They feel no confidence that Germany's supremacy at sea would be equally innocuous. Those Americans who think at all about foreign affairs realize perfectly well that, next to the security and well-being of their own country, there is and can be no higher American interest than the preservation of the British Empire on its present footing; that its downfall would react nowhere so disastrously as upon the United States; and that the rise of a Greater Germany in its place would be little less, in the long run, than a challenge to their position and freedom as a World-Power.

Captain Mahan, as one would expect, has been quick to seize on the essential point. In an article that appeared in *Collier's Weekly* a few weeks ago, he endeavored to rouse his countrymen to the duty of pondering the "portentous international fact and factor—that is, maker of further facts—" that had come so rapidly into existence. "It is surely incumbent upon us," he wrote, "to recognize that there is now visible in the near future a foreign fleet decisively superior to our own in the class of vessel accepted at present by preponderant naval opinion as the determinative factor in naval war." It was unthinkable, he argued,

that Great Britain should ever wish to contravene the Monroe Doctrine. Nobody, of course, had the right to impute any such intention to Germany either. "But we must look facts straight in the face, and see that, in case of future offence given by some future Castro—a condition almost sure to arise—such superiority at sea as Germany is now establishing puts it in her power to exact whatever reparation she may please, irrespective of the Monroe Doctrine"; and he went on to pose to Americans the tremendous question whether they were willing "to have a permanent element of national policy dependent upon the uncertain indulgence of a foreign State, which is notoriously thirsting for colonization in the supposed interest of racial development." He warned his countrymen that history was full of instances in which navies built for one purpose had been used for another; that they had to ask themselves not what Germany's intentions were but what she could do with the naval force she was creating; that, in the event of a dispute between Germany and the United States, naval power alone could control the issue; and that if the Americans were to find themselves decisively inferior at sea, not only would they be beaten on the main issue but their commerce would be strangled by blockade, and they might even be coerced into paying the war-bills of both sides. The great bulk of his countrymen have not, of course, Captain Mahan's vision or his grasp of principles and consequences, or his sense of the complexity and interdependence of all human affairs. I quote his words less as a *précis* of what Americans are thinking to-day than as a forecast of what they will most likely be thinking ten or fifteen years hence. Very few, probably, of the readers of *Collier's Weekly* understood his argument or accepted his conclusions, or regarded his sombre elucidation of America's concern in Germany's naval ambitions as other than fanciful. The average citizen has not yet been educated quite so far as all that in the realities of *Weltpolitik*. But that he would prefer not to see Great Britain disappear before the mailed fist, that sentiment and self-interest both incline his sympathies, as between Germany and Great Britain, towards the latter Power, and that he is conscious, or half conscious, with a sort of vague disquietude, that complications not wholly favorable to the United States might ensue if Germany were to acquire command of the sea—this I believe to be the fact.

But it is a fact to which, in my judgment, little political moment can at present be attached. The notion that at any time within the range of rational prevision the United States would lend her active support to Great Britain against Germany is based, as it seems to me, on a wholly erroneous reading of the political characteristics and standpoint of the American people. Seven years ago, in the pages of this *Review*, I endeavored to combat the assumption, at that time a not uncommon one in England, that the United States was in some sort a third party to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. To-day I detect in some quarters a not dissimilar and equally baseless expectation that if Great Britain and Germany were to come to blows we might rely on something more than the moral sympathy of America. The course of American action in external affairs, depending, as it does, very largely upon the personality of the President and upon the incalculable conditions of domestic politics, is always difficult to forecast; but I think it fairly safe to assert that except in one contingency there is no possibility whatever of the United States taking sides in an Anglo-German conflict or of her departing from an attitude of

strict neutrality—an attitude that might be relaxed here and there, if occasion offered and no risk of trouble was to be feared, in our favor, that would certainly be compatible with the heartiest wishes for our success, but that on the whole would be unfalteringly maintained till the struggle was over and whatever its issue. The contingency to which I have alluded, the contingency that might force America into the arena, would arise if Germany were to attempt any interference with the supply of food and grain from the United States to Great Britain. Any such attempt Americans would resist if necessary by force of arms. Short of that I can conceive no circumstance that would be likely to move the United States one inch beyond her traditional policy of non-interference. She would remain neutral partly because the political influence of the German-American and Irish-American "vote" would make it a most hazardous enterprise for any President to suggest to Congress an alliance with Great Britain, but chiefly because the great majority of Americans would look upon an Anglo-German conflict as primarily a European question in which their concern stopped far short of the point of intervention and participation.

It is difficult for Europeans, who live in a powder-magazine, and rarely have the fear of an explosion out of their minds, to realize the simplicity, spaciousness, and unhampered self-absorption of American life. Foreign politics are minimized over there at least as much as they are exaggerated over here; Americans can hardly be got to take them seriously; a diplomatic dispute with another Power, conducted on either side upon the implication of force, is of all experiences the one most foreign to their normal routine of existence; when you have mentioned the Monroe Doctrine you have pretty well indicated the sum total of the average citizen's interest in external affairs. During several years in the United States I do not recall a single well-informed debate in Congress on the foreign policy of the Republic or a single member who ever treated his constituents to an address on so alien a topic. The operative opinion of the Commonwealth still desires to have as few dealings as possible with foreign Powers, still quotes and abides by Washington's warning against "entangling alliances," still shrinks from any course that threatens "complications," still clings to the policy of isolation as the one that most adequately squares with the needs of American conditions. This is so, even though facts and necessity have outrun many of the formulæ, prejudices, and traditions that a decade and a half ago were all but omnipotent. The peculiarity of America's position in the general scheme of *Weltpolitik* is, indeed, precisely this, that her people are unconsciously engaged in adapting their mental outlook to their achievements. The Spanish war launched them on a stream of tendencies that has already carried them far beyond their old confines, and is inexorably destined to carry them further still. But the instinct of many millions of American citizens is still to pretend that nothing essential has been changed. They have overthrown Spanish power in Cuba and the Philippines, but the far harder task of overthrowing the mental habits and prepossessions of a hundred years' growth they have not yet accomplished. They have an Empire, but they have not yet become Imperial. They have expanded physically, but they have still to expand mentally. They are a World-Power in fact, but not in consciousness, in breadth of vision, in a resolute acceptance of new conditions, in a not less resolute eman-

cipation from the precepts of an outworn past. They are multiplying every year fresh points of diplomatic contact with the outer world, and yet no American statesman would dare to proclaim it as a fact that the days of America's isolation are over. Without quite realizing it, they are undergoing a course of education in the realities of their new international position. Events are teaching them, but the progress of enlightenment will be arduous and protracted.

Americans, for instance, have not yet put tradition so far behind them as to admit the word "alliance" or any word pointing in that direction, into their political vocabulary. Mr. Root, when he signed his Agreement with Japan a few months ago, did not venture to submit it to the Senate in the form of a Treaty. It is even possible that had the Presidential election resulted in a victory for Mr. Bryan, the Agreement would never have been divulged, or, if divulged, would have been repudiated by the next Democratic Secretary of State. Americans as a whole are still far from realizing how much their prejudice against any kind of formal understanding and co-operation with other Powers militates against their effectiveness in world-politics. They do not see that a Power that automatically and unreflectingly rules out the possibility of alliances in any circumstances whatsoever is a Power that wilfully handicaps its freedom of action and runs the risk of sacrificing its interests to a theory. In the broader field on which the United States has now entered, immutable rules and cast-iron systems are a hindrance, not a help. That nice adaptation of means to ends which is the essence of diplomacy cannot possibly be effected if the choice of means is abridged beforehand by a hard and fast formula. Americans will understand this in time, but they do not understand it now. Happily, we in Great Britain can well afford to wait while they are gathering wisdom from experience—and to wait with an assurance that prevents anxiety as decisively as it forbids over-precipitancy. It is simply a question of time before the bonds that already link British and American policy on more than one international field are formally cemented. Temporary circumstances and accidental events may hasten that consummation or retard it; it may be evolved from America's necessity or from our own; no one can foresee how or when it will come. But that come it ultimately will, that the permanent currents of national interests and sentiment are setting full and fair towards it, is no longer, I think, open to question.

Sydney Brooks.

The Fortnightly Review.

FRERE JACQUES.

A late spring arrives this year in Corsica, only just in time to welcome Easter, but as if to atone for such unprecedented delay, she comes at last decked out with prodigal magnificence.

The solitary places and the rocky wilderness put forth belated blossom of wild hellebore and asphodel. The mantle of pungent *maquis* which clothes the mountains becomes starred with the mauve and white flower of the cistus, and within a few hours the roadsides are strewn with violets and hypatica. Ajaccio, freed at length from the heavy pile of clouds which for several

weeks has lain overhead like a canopy, blotting out even the lower range of mountains and only occasionally disturbed by the rough breath of the Mistral, basks once more in sunshine by unruffled blue waters. Roses are nodding over the high garden wall of the Préfecture, pale purple buds are visible among the green tendrils of the wisteria, and there is more than a hint of the orange blossom which will soon be to heavy in the atmosphere. The old women on the Place du Diamant have exchanged their baskets of hot chestnuts for sugar-covered cakes, and there is a promise of green even in the corpse-like branches of the plane trees above their heads.

The Corsicans remain a devout people, notwithstanding their present allegiance to the French Government, and they cherish a note of austerity and harshness in their religion. Certainly the sweetness and sunshine of the outside world are not allowed to penetrate into the gloom of their churches on Good Friday. Passing from the sunny, squalid street into the cold interior of the Roman-Byzantine Cathedral, it is at first impossible to distinguish anything but a dense somber mass of humanity. *Tenebræ* are drawing to a close and the lights on the altar are being extinguished one after another. The last is out, and the gloom seems to hold a sinister suggestion while the harsh voices of the priests read the concluding sentences of the office. Then there is a pause, one candle is relit and immediately extinguished, while at the same moment the building resounds with a violent banging on the floor, which in its turn is succeeded by a complete and awe inspiring silence. The noise may presumably be intended to represent the rending of the Veil of the Temple—no other explanation offers itself—but if this is so there is no regard for the hour. Before one of the side altars is a painfully realistic bier with a life-size waxen figure recumbent, and round this at the close of the service the whole congregation is pressing in a compact body. Children are dragged mercilessly by their mothers and lifted up to have a better view of the very material atrocity presented for their worship. As a whole they appear unmoved, so perhaps imagination is not one of the strong points of the Corsican temperament. Only one small boy wriggles himself free from the detaining hand and darts out before us into the sunshine. He is a very little boy, but he appears rather to be bent upon his own business than to be flying from the terrors of his religion. He darts across the Place du Diamant and down the Cours Napoleon under the orange trees laden with yellow fruit. Here, however, his career is checked in lamentable fashion. Round the corner a light carriage of the country, drawn by a pair of small fast trotting horses, comes swinging at a dangerous pace. It is evidently returning from an expedition into the country, and the coachman, a handsome young man with shiny silver buttons on his velveteen suit and a red sash round his waist, is anxious to make his entry into the town effective. He flicks his whip first to one side and then to the other, and whether from malice or sheer carelessness he curls it round the bare legs of the small boy. The latter, brought up short, makes no sound, but walks on a few paces, and then flattens himself in sudden and silent agony, with his face against the wall of the Préfecture. The carriage goes callously on its way, but one or two passers-by have stopped to offer consolation. At first the boy, who is cautiously lifting and rubbing each leg in turn, refuses to make any response. He does not come of a race of hard fighters for nothing, and he is trying not to cry. The smart does not immediately grow less, probably it in-

creases, and it is not until a sou has been slipped into his hand with the suggestion of a cake shop, that a grimy woe-begone face is turned from the wall; but he is still inarticulate. At this moment his mother, who has missed him from the Cathedral, appears upon the scene. She is a handsome but weather-beaten young woman, dressed in black with a black handkerchief tied over her head, and she is disposed to regard her offspring's misfortune with tolerant amusement rather than compassion. In a voluble and almost incomprehensible flow of French and Corsican she explains that this is her youngest and a naughty one. He does not attend to his prayers, he thinks only of "Jacques" and Mesdames must excuse him. Mesdames assure her that there is nothing to excuse, rather he is to be commended for his fortitude; but who is Jacques? The question receives no answer, for she is already smoothing down his black pinafore with terms of endearment mingled with those of indignation against the aggressor. Feminine pity indiscreetly offered may prove unnerving to the greatest hero, and this little boy's tears now begin to flow in good earnest and he is led off loudly lamenting under the orange trees. . . .

It is not much after six on the following morning, and the drowsy stillness is broken by an approaching hubbub of children's voices, accompanied as it seems by the beating of tin kettles. Neither the voices nor the kettles are musical, and the rudely awakened sleeper, who has unwillingly assisted at a frog concert lasting into the small hours, and has been further disturbed by a prolonged conversation between two donkeys, not to speak of a chorus of cocks, which in this island are apparently night birds, has a right to feel offended. The discordant sounds, however, come relentlessly nearer, and presently halt under the window. The words of the refrain, incessantly repeated, are now quite audible—

Frère Jacques, dormez-vous.
Sonnez la matina, sonnez la matina.
Dormez-vous—dormez-*vous*,
Ding, dong, dang!

It is the Saturday before Easter, a day set apart in Ajaccio as one upon which it is legitimate to make all the noise of which the human boy is capable, and it cannot be said that he neglects his opportunity. They are mocking Judas, these disturbers of our peace, and with their perpetually reiterated dormez *vous*, they seem to be mocking all the would-be sleepers in Ajaccio. The mocking of Judas, preliminary to the more familiar scourging of the traitor a few hours later, is an ancient Corsican custom, the origin of which is lost in the mists of antiquity, but tradition does not explain why upon this occasion he is addressed as "Jacques." Meantime there he sits, a small rosy boy, borne aloft by his fellows in a basket work cage, covered with greenery and gaily decked at the top with pink roses, stocks, and floating colored ribbons. He is no other than our friend of yesterday, and it becomes obvious why the prospective *rôle* of "Jacques" should have occupied his imagination to the curtailment of his religious observances. But the troubles of yesterday are all forgotten in the pride of his present position. The cropped head of Judas is crowned with flowers and he has discarded his black smock in favor of a red pinafore, while a blue ribbon is tied about his neck. He must enjoy his brief reign while he can, for last year his mother thought he was too little for such a responsibility, and next year his companions may think he is too large. Meantime the mock pomp of the moment is a delightful reality, and the scourging of the betrayer a few hours hence will happily have no connection with his

small person. So he sits solemn eyed under his green canopy, not daring to smile lest it should detract from his dignity, while the bigger boys who form his court beat the empty biscuit tins and old kettles they have assiduously collected, and a small urchin with a gourd slung round his neck is pushed in front to collect sous from all the good Christians they have succeeded in arousing. It is to be feared, indeed, that the refrain of the song is occasionally varied with the words "donnez deux sous" pronounced with some emphasis, but they appear very well satisfied with the few coppers which are contributed from various windows. There is a clapping of hands in token of gratitude, a good deal of noisy discussion between the elder boys, during which "Frère Jacques" sits as unmoved as a Buddha, and then the little procession forms again and moves slowly up the wide, dignified Cours Grandval towards Napoleon's grotto in the olive woods above.

"Ding, dong, dang." The monotonous chant and the discordant sound of beaten tin become gradually fainter, and the drowsy silence characteristic of Ajaccio reasserts itself. The blue waters of the bay, which at no time betray the unpleasant character of the sea without, seem to be literally asleep this morning. The surrounding mountains melt into a soft blue haze through which the snowy peaks of the Corsican Alps, culminating in the magnificent heights of Monte d'Oro, peer dimly like ghosts. From this point the ugly town with its tall narrow houses situated at a junction between the inner harbor and the gulf, is not sufficiently obtrusive to spoil the view. A woman in the austere black dress of the country comes softly padding barefooted down the road from the woods. Not much of her is visible, for on her head she balances a load of brushwood rather more than twice as long as herself. . . .

"Sonnez la matina, sonnez la matina!" the boys are coming back again, their voices harsher than ever with fatigue. There are few houses up the road before the open country is reached, where picturesque flocks of goats and black sheep scramble all day among the granite boulders and the *maquis*, under the care of a venerable goat herd, coming down in the evening for the goats to be milked outside the large girls' school opposite. Here the boys do not think it worth while to pause at all. Such a proceeding would indeed be regarded as indecorous. So they pass on down the road, past the military hospital and the Bishop's Palace and across the Place du Diamant to the old town, the din getting mercifully fainter, and once more the aristocratic quarter of Ajaccio is left to slumber if it can.

It is in the squalid streets of the old town that later in the morning we catch and photograph Frère Jacques and his companions. There are several other Judases being mocked and crowned, but our original friend, as no doubt he knows, is by far the smartest and his decorations are the least faded. To get the group to stand in position, however, is no easy matter, for the whole juvenile population of Ajaccio wishes to be included in the picture. The boys whose claim to be represented is legitimate are ready enough to fall in with our views, but the girls, who admittedly have nothing whatever to do with Judas, insist upon crowding about us and are distinctly rude and naughty. Some even clamor for sous, and that in a country where begging is not only not a profession but is almost unknown. Had it not been for the kindly intervention of a passer-by, who appears to be the father of several of these young people, and, exercising a mild but effectual authority, reduces them to something like order, Frère Jacques would have had small chance of being handed down to

posterity. Forty years ago, in his Journal of a Landscape Painter, Edward Lear, while he complains of the superabundance of children in Corsica, also refers to them more than once as being a "race unique for good behavior." We only wish truth permitted us to agree with him! Undoubtedly the middle-aged men and women who were children when he visited the island, have a very unique gift of courtesy, one indeed shared by the majority of the adult population, though more marked in the country districts than in the towns, but conspicuously lacking in the modern children. It would be melancholy to think that the deterioration is due to improved education or to the increase of visitors; but as we tread delicately among the rubbish heaps of the Rue Fesch, painfully conscious that in Corsica it is the universal habit to throw everything out of the windows, it is not the children, handsome though many of them be in the Italian type, who will tempt us to linger in this unsavory neighborhood. We can only hope that the mantle of good manners will fall with adolescence upon these rough, noisy young things, who, fighting and scrambling, share the dominion of the gutter on equal terms with pigs and chickens, and are obviously as healthy as they are neglected.

But now it is close upon noon, and the town which is usually quiet to dulness seems to be suddenly turned into pandemonium. Groups of boys of all sizes and ages are gathered round old tubs and barrels which have been placed at the corners of the street, and these they are savagely belaboring with sticks and wooden implements of every description. Frère Jacques is deposited roughly on the ground by his bearers, who fly to scourge the wooden bones of the traitor. The dethroned hero is a sweet-eyed little boy who on a slight acquaintance impresses us as having gentler manners than his companions. He does not instantly understand or appreciate the sudden desertion of his followers. For a moment he stands a little wistful and uncertain, then suddenly the violent side of his nature asserts itself. If others can beat Judas, why, so can he, seeing he is no longer Judas! Snatching the faded flowers from his head, and armed with a piece of brushwood out of the gutter, he is off in a flash, red pinafore, blue ribbon and all, to add his mite to the intolerable clatter which is echoing between the tall houses of the narrow street.

A memory occurs to me of an Easter Saturday three years ago in Florence. Outside the church of the Sanctissima Annunziata is a gaily decorated stall covered with slim, white willow wands, round the handles of which are twisted colored ribbons. The children are pressing up to the stall to spend their soldi, and on the steps against the great doors of the church is a group of curly headed purchasers. Presently these get up, and with much solemnity they tap the pavement with their fairy wands. "They are beating Judas," explains an old woman standing near me, with an indulgent smile, "but they do not hurt him much, il povero." *Autre pays, autres mœurs.* The tradition is the same, but in the execution there is a difference, and could Judas have his choice, he would probably prefer to suffer his penalty in Florence than at the hands of these young Corsican barbarians. The noise now becomes indescribable. Church bells are ringing, cannon are fired from the fort, and every man in the place who possesses a gun seems to be using it. Under the high-handed rule of Napoleon the Third no firearms were allowed in the island, a measure aimed successfully at the suppression of the Vendetta. But in these more callous days of the Republic the whole population appears to go armed, with results naturally fatal

to the discouragement of violence.

We seek temporary relief from the racket in the Casa Buonaparte, which stands on a small square, the Place Létitia, and is a surprisingly spacious and dignified mansion to be hidden away in such squalid surroundings. The woman who shows us over is, like all Corsicans, extremely inquisitive, and would much rather hear what we have to say than give us any information concerning the few relics of the great Emperor which remain in the house where he and his brothers and sisters were born. The first Napoleon is not indeed a popular hero with his own countrymen. They do not consider he was a good patriot since he left the island to become a "continental," and in Corsica patriotism is the most highly cherished virtue. On the Place du Diamant, mounted on his charger, surrounded by his four brothers, he gazes for ever across the sea towards that continent to conquer which he forsook his native island. But this fine equestrian statue finds its chief use when the boys chase one another round its base in the evenings, while the military band discourses music and the better class women of the town, the female Buonapartes of the present day, take the air under the plane trees and exchange views on the prevailing fashions.

Madame answers our questions a little vaguely. Yes, she believes that was Madame Mère's spinet—she has heard so, but, *will* the ladies tell her whether they have a fine noise like this on Easter Saturday in England? When answered in the negative she expresses extreme surprise and commiseration. What, then! Have we no religion, no churches? We try ineffectually to explain that we have both, but, these privileges notwithstanding, we do not celebrate the greatest event in the history of Christianity by making an uproar. She shakes her head commiseratingly while we admire the few fine pieces of contemporary furniture which the house still contains, and when we leave she congratulates us upon having escaped to spend Easter elsewhere than in our own heathen country.

As we make our way under the luxuriant palms of the Avenue du Premier Consul to the market there is a lull in the noise. "Judas" lies in broken fragments on the cobbles, though some of the boys are still busy belaboring him. Frère Jacques, in his gala dress, is chasing a pig which in its turn is in hot pursuit of a hen, for the hen running with wings outstretched and the flustered manner which invites disaster has a particularly savory morsel in her beak, just redeemed from the gutter. The boy wins the race, but it is better not to see what becomes of the prize! The market is held on the quay, where there are usually more signs of animation than elsewhere in Ajaccio. To-day, however, is "festa," and it is remarkably quiet, not to say melancholy. There are no bare-legged men and boys dragging in their nets, no crowd gathered round the wicker baskets to watch a consignment of lobster or *langouste* being packed in fresh green leaves for exportation. Even the blind man who makes the baskets is taking a holiday somewhere, and the steamer which has arrived in the morning from Marseilles is lying to all appearance deserted along the quay. The men who hire out the boats are asleep in them, though it is seldom at any time that it occurs to them to invite a stranger to go for a sail. Meantime there is the market, always picturesque in a southern country. Here baskets of fresh vegetables and piles of strange-looking fruit are heaped up in a covered building, while outside is a row of stalls for poultry and butchers' meat guarded by a number of old women in the almost invariable black jacket and skirt of the country, with a

black handkerchief tied over their heads. This black handkerchief is a relic of the Genoese occupation of the island, and is only occasionally varied by the adoption of a large flat straw hat such as is worn by the peasant women of the Alpes Maritimes and no doubt comes over in the steamer from Nice. It appears that mourning is never observed for less than five years in Corsica so that even the young women are seldom in colors, and as the men wear black or dark brown corduroys, and the children black pinafores, the general effect of a crowd is decidedly sombre. Many of these women are handsome, especially the older ones, but they are not probably as old as they look, since they are worn with the hard manual labor which falls almost exclusively to the share of their sex in Corsica, and with much exposure to sun and wind. They have a peculiar air of dignified gravity, and a very stately carriage, due to the fact that from their earliest girlhood they are trained to carry heavy weights upon their heads. The men, in Ajaccio at all events, seem to find sufficient occupation in sitting outside the café, drinking some innocuous green beverage, and talking politics. Under the stalls are wire cages filled with live poultry, and above these are laid the tiny carcases of black sucking lambs and kids, and of small ducks and chickens, near relations probably of those which are scratching in the dust below. Further along is another group of aged wrinkled crones, each squatting on the pavement behind a basket which contains some very strange-looking loaves of bread. These are flat and round and have a varying number of eggs baked into them in their shells, and on the eggs are laid crosses of crust or pastry. They are called *cacavelli* and are highly spiced cakes, equivalent to our hot cross buns, except that they are essentially an Easter delicacy and do not appear until Good Friday is over. Every child in Ajaccio expects to have his *cacavello*, which should be eaten on the rocks on Easter Monday, and the richer the child, the greater number of eggs his loaf will contain, but the poorest expects to have at least two to his portion. An indiscreet inquiry on my part leads to a friendly invitation from one of the old crones to taste her cake, and a fragment is produced from the depths of a capacious and most unclean pocket. Having been told that a gift must never be rejected in Corsica —they are fond of giving presents— and being aware that the chief pleasure of the giver is to witness the enjoyment of the recipient, I nibble a corner of unspeakable nastiness from which happily the egg is absent, buy a cake to be bestowed upon the first child available, and incontinently fly.

The long road which leads by the sea shore to the Punta Parata and the Iles Sanguinaires, those red rocky islets which guard the entrance to the harbor, is for some little distance a street of tombs. These curious mortuary chapels, where the well-to-do bury their dead, stand back, each in its own little walled enclosure filled with flowers. Some of these chapels are comparatively new and domed, others old and square in shape, but they are all singularly characteristic of Corsica. Two of them have been built by notabilities of a past century higher up on the hill. One of these has fallen into melancholy decay, but the other, standing on a little plateau in a field of pale purple asphodel with a grove of ilex behind it, and beyond a background of blue bay and distant snowy peaks, is suggestive both in architecture and situation of a Greek temple, and is perhaps the most beautiful spot in the neighborhood of Ajaccio. On the shore there is also the public cemetery, where those may lie who cannot afford to be exclusive. And here also is the

Cappella de' Greci, the chapel devoted to the use of the Greek colony in the eighteenth century, when they were forced to abandon Paomia, their earlier settlement, and take temporary refuge in Ajaccio during the Corsican revolution against the Genoese Government.

But the tombs and the chapels are soon left behind and the road is bordered by a very rich vegetation. On the one side are hedges of prickly pear, covered to an extravagant extent with the forbidding-looking fruit which nobody seems to gather, asphodel, arbutus, myrtle, and all those aromatic shrubs which go to make up the *maquis*, the scent of which is carried some distance out to sea. On the other side are granite boulders, seaweed-covered rocks and sand. It is here that on Easter Monday it is the custom for parties from Ajaccio to come and picnic. There are plenty of them to-day, but they seem to take their pleasures soberly, these people. Family groups are scattered about on the rocks, eating those unattractive cakes which we have seen in the market. *Broccio*, the country dish of cheese made from goat's milk, is another favorite delicacy on this occasion, and the feast is washed down with plenty of white wine. A few of the fathers are fishing and others are making their own particular mess of *bouillabaisse*, which they would no doubt very courteously offer to share with the stranger who was unwary enough to enter into conversation, but we have learnt our lesson. As the afternoon wears on there is a little mild dancing, for many of the parties have brought a guitar or a mandoline. The children wander about on the shore, picking up sea-urchins which abound on this coast, pieces of cup sponge and curious round balls of varying sizes, formed, it is said, by the action of the sea on a species of seaweed peculiar to the Mediterranean. The fine silvery sand is full of delicate little shells, and here and there washed up amongst the seaweed are fragments of coral in the making. Like their elders, the children appear to be taking their Bank holiday pleasures quietly; they are no doubt less at their ease than on their native rubbish heaps, or else the older and rougher contingent have elected to remain at home.

Further on is a gay little tea house, screened from the road by a magnificent hedge of pink geranium, whilst bushes of marguerites and clumps of white iris have broken loose from the confines of the garden and have strayed out upon the shore. Here we encounter Frère Jacques, for by no other name do I know him. He has been on a private plundering expedition, and his hands are full of yellow mimosa tassels which an old and twisted tree in the garden hangs temptingly over the hedge. Jacques' mother is scolding him vociferously, for whilst a man may murder his neighbor in cold blood for some real or fancied insult in his own or a previous generation, thieving is regarded as an unpardonable offence in Corsica. She is easily diverted, however, to more cheerful topics. Yes, he had been very contented on Saturday, the little one. But he would like to play at Judas every day. He had spent the sou *ces dames* had given him on a ribbon for his neck—the vanity! Frère Jacques meantime smiles at us with kindly recognition, but is not to be drawn into conversation. He is occupied in seeing how near he can stand to the little waves without allowing them to break over any point higher than the tops of his new boots. His mother pursues the conversation with the gentle and persistent flow of questions with which a Corsican of her class may usually be trusted to entertain a stranger. Our nationality, our social status, our reasons for com-

ing to Corsica, form as usual the opening clauses of a quite polite but relentless catechism. We are *Continentales?* Ah! we are English. The English are good people, but always adventurous. We are travelling alone? We have no *messieurs* with us? *Bien! Ces dames* are very wise. *Les ménages ne sont pas toujours heureux*, and gentlemen do not content themselves so easily *en voyage.* We are agreeing with the wisdom of the last observation, when madame's stream of interrogation is abruptly checked. Jacques has apparently got tired of unconsciously playing the rôle of Canute, and now uttering loud war cries of fury, he dashes past us waving a torch of blazing paper above his head. He is in pursuit of another little boy of his own size who is dragging a toddling girl by the hand. It is the prevailing fashion in Corsica at present for children to play with fire whenever paper and a match can be brought together, and that there are not perpetual tragedies must be due to a special intervention of Providence. Before we have time to interpose, the other boy turns and flings himself upon Jacques, who drops the burning paper in alarming proximity to the little girl's skirts, and the two roll over in the sand together kicking and scratching and biting like a couple of young tigers. To our amazement Jacques' mother remains quite unmoved except by admiration of her offspring's latest performance. "Ah, he is brave, *le petit*," she says, turning to us for sympathy which is not forthcoming. "Yesterday they insulted him, those *malheureux;* they told him that he was a traitor, that he would be beaten, that he would burn in fire. To-day it is they who may burn." Indeed, had it not been for the prompt intervention of a fisherman who has stamped on the paper and shaken the boys apart, it is not improbable that her suggestion might have been fulfilled. "Bah! That is only a game," she adds, observing our lack of appreciation; "the ladies must not be frightened," and she captures and shakes the culprit for our benefit, who with his blazing eyes and ruffled hair and scarlet cheeks is hardly recognizable as the gentle be-ribboned, flower-crowned little Judas of Saturday. The baby girl seems in no way alarmed, and toddles cheerfully in between the combatants to add her voice to the duet of abusive epithets which still continues. After all she is a Corsican baby, and some day she will no doubt be equally upset if her little son steals a handful of blossom from his neighbor's garden, and equally callous if in an access of passion he tries to set fire to his neighbor's children!

In his small person Frère Jacques may be regarded as an epitome of the national characteristics. From the cradle to the grave, the Corsican temperament seems to be one of gentle dignified gravity, disturbed on occasions by outbreaks of unbridled violence. Of gaiety, of mere lightness of heart, there are few symptoms. To-night as they go home some of these sober, well-conducted merrymakers are singing a melancholy dirge in a minor key. The majority, however, are silent. Some are driving, packed into public conveyances, or their own carts. Others are walking; the children, their arms full of treasures from the shore; the fathers, carrying their fishing rods and tackle; and the mothers, of course, laden with the heaviest burden of cooking utensils and baskets. Behind them the sun is setting in a lurid glow over the Iles Sanguinaires, and turning the placid waters of the bay to a glory of gold and blue and purple. But their faces are set towards the mountains which stand round about Ajaccio, scenes of violent deeds and of brave ones, the battlefields and the defences of Corsica. Dark, forbidding, and magnificent these mountains look in

the evening light; but they have been powerless through the ages to preserve for the islander that which he values above everything—his independence.

Rose M. Bradley.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

SALEH: A SEQUEL.

By Hugh Clifford.

XXI.

Facilis descensus Averni. At the end of five years, dating from the time of his return to Pelesu, there had been evolved a Saleh—the Saleh of the exterior darkness—very different to the sweet-tempered, light-hearted, careless youngster whom his friends in England had known and loved. The old Saleh had been full of health and boyish spirits, a bit lazy, it was true, but withal as "decent" a little fellow as one could wish to find in a long day's tramp. The new Saleh was prematurely aged by frequent attacks of fever and by an irregular life in a climate to whose eccentricities long years of absence had unaccustomed him. The easy good temper and the high spirits also had deserted him, for he felt himself to be the victim of a whole series of injustices, and the memory thereof made him sullen. He was beset, too, by cares and anxieties. His allowance, judged by British standards, was handsome, but those who fixed it had not taken into account the appetites of the parasites, male and female, who battened upon Saleh, the frequent calls upon his purse made by the borrowings of his mother and other relatives, the possibility of heavy gambling losses in Che' Jebah's house or the King's audience-hall, and the innate improvidence of a Malayan râja. He was up to his ears in debt, and was harassed and humiliated by the duns who, though they could not take civil action against him for the recovery of their money, made matters hot for him by petitions to the Resident, and subjected him to insults which, in the good old days, would have been punished by a violent death. Yet all the while the revenues of the state were enormous, and in Saleh's eyes these moneys were the property, not of the Government, but of his House. It was one injustice the more that, when the public treasuries were overflowing with wealth, he should be in daily difficulties about money matters.

The white men shook their heads over him. He was a hopeless young waster, they declared. He had been given every chance, had been trained and educated in England at great expense, had been set to learn in his own country the business of practical administration, had been afforded every opportunity of showing what capabilities he might possess, and in every direction he had signally and notoriously failed. There was not even a trace, they averred, that he repaid his teachers by exerting a salutary influence over his father or over any of his fellow countrymen. After the manner of the English, they judged by results, making no very diligent search after causes, and did not attempt to look at things from Saleh's point of view, or to consider the enormous weight of the inherited tendencies and the shackling traditions wherewith the lad was handicapped. To them, given the initial fact of an English education, it was quite natural that young Saleh should be prepared to take up official life on the same low rung of the ladder as that which contented any other newly imported cadet. Also, the education aforesaid should, in their opinion, have fitted him for such work. They forgot

that every one of the boys with whom he was expected to compete had generation upon generation of hard workers behind him to stiffen his character and steel his energies, while Saleh had for his forebears as many generations of indolent, pleasure-loving, self-indulgent, dissipated Malayan royalties. They forgot that the English youngsters had made a deliberate choice of the profession to which they were apprenticed, while Saleh's life had been ordered for him without any regard paid to his predilections or capabilities. They forgot, too, that while the last joined cadet could hope some day to become a British Resident, whose power and authority is wellnigh autocratic, Saleh could look forward only to filling the empty office of a Merovingian king. This was a closing of the gates upon ambition to one in whose veins ran the hot blood of hundreds of absolute rulers.

All these things the white men forgot, and so doing wrote Saleh down a "hopeless young waster"; but Saleh remembered, pondered them in his heart, brooded over them constantly, and finding scant contentment in the present, fumed against the alien rule which had robbed the country of all that had made its history picturesque, his father of his sovereign power, and him of his birthright.

And all this while subtle influences were at work upon him. In Malayan lands we English have wrought some wonderful changes, have increased the wealth and well-being of the people enormously, have relieved them from evils and oppressions in number past all counting; but, given the character of the natives, it were vain to hope that our rule will ever be universally popular. To begin with, it must be remembered that our hatred of injustice is largely a sentiment bred of training and hereditary transmission, that it is not shared in anything approaching equal measure by the Orientals whom we make it our business to relieve from grinding tyranny. A Malay will accept gross ill-treatment from his own chiefs with a philosophic calm quite baffling to the understanding of the average European. In nine cases out of ten, far more indignation is excited in the white man who hears a tale of cruel wrong than in the Malay who chances to be the victim of such oppression. Similarly, the white man attaches far more importance to the fact that our rule has relieved a people of unbearable oppression than is credited to it by the people themselves. Also, the East is at once the land of very short and of very long memories. The good that men have wrought does not wait to be interred with their bones: it usually passes into oblivion during their lifetime. Men who have lived under the old *régime*, and under that which we have estabished, speedily forget that life for them was ever other in material security than it is to-day. On the other hand, in a land where a discussion is decided, not by the production of a new argument, but by the quotation of an old wise saw, the Past ever seems to overshadow the Present. Even those who knew and suffered many evil things under native rule, dream fondly of the days that are gone, which, after all, were the brave days when they and all the world were young. Tales of those lawless times are for ever on their lips, and the young men, shackled by the monotony which the coming of the white men has imposed, chafe and fume because their world has been marred for them, and fall to dreaming dreams that the past may be made to live again. There lies the danger. The old men forget, and looking backward see all things through the glamor that hovers about the youth of every one of us: the young men, chafing at restraint, see through the old men's eyes, and know nought

of the misery of those days when their forebears were helpless as driven cattle before râja and chief.

But of late years there has been yet another influence at work, that which is now making itself manifest in Egypt and throughout northern Africa, and presently, it is probable, will be felt in every land where the Muhammadan is ruled by the infidel,—the influence of the As-Senusi Brotherhood. About the time of the Crimean War a certain Saiyid,—a descendant, that is, of the Prophet Muhammad,—who ruled over a little oasis in the Sahara, initiated a movement for the reform of the Faith upon purer lines, and preached as a first tenet that an insult is offered to the true religion by the subjugation by the infidel of the followers of Muhammad. In the fulness of time he died, but his son trod and treads to-day in his footsteps, and the organization which he originated has flourished exceedingly. Mecca, the annual resort of thousands upon thousands from every quarter of the Muhammadan world, was made the centre of propagation, and during the past fifty years millions of pilgrims have been initiated into the great As-Senusi Brotherhood, and, returning to their homes, have spread the tenets of its founder broadcast through their native lands. This reformer, and the brotherhood which he and his father have been instrumental in bringing into being, have escaped the observation of Europeans to an unaccountable degree. Greater than any Mahdi who in the past has convulsed the Muhammadan world, he has shown that he understands, not only how to organize, but also how to bide his time. To-day Islâm is honeycombed root and branch by the As-Senusi Brotherhood, and nowhere, save in northern Africa, has it taken a firmer hold upon the popular imagination than among the Muhammadans of the Malayan Archipelago. From time to time there have been, in the majority of cases almost unnoticed, little spurts and outbreaks of what white men call "fanaticism" among Muhammadan peoples who chance to be ruled by men of an alien faith. Look closely, and you will find the great As-Senusi Brotherhood at the back of one and all of them; but they have not been ordered by its Head. Signs are not lacking to-day, however, which seem to indicate that at last he deems his hour to be near at hand; and when that hour strikes, if all that has been planned befalls, the most universal organization which has ever permeated Islâm since the time of Muhammad will strike too —like one man!

Saleh had early learned that Râja Haji Abdullah was of the Brotherhood, having been initiated by the Sheikh of the As-Senusi at Mecca, that Râja Pahlâwan Indut and practically every malcontent in Pelesu (which included most of the young men who had grown up under British rule) had been enrolled, and before he had been two years in the country Saleh was himself a newly enlisted recruit. His growing resentment against the white men, and his indignation at what he regarded as their shameless usurpations, were fanned by his zeal as a Muhammadan and intensified by his sympathy with the tenets of the As-Senusi Brotherhood. The two sets of sentiments reacted upon and stimulated each other. To dream of beginning the *Sabil Allah*, the Holy War, which should drive the Infidel screaming from the land and should give Saleh back his own, was but a step.

Râja Haji Abdullah and Râja Pahlâwan Indut were for ever at his elbow to feed such dreams, to quicken his energies and his resentment, to rowel his fanaticism, and to hound him on to action. They were both men of a certain age, and for them time was slipping by at a desperate pace. Malay-

like, they, having dreamed dreams, could see no step between a magnificent conception and its immediate attainment. In a word, they lacked the prime quality of the Head of the As-Senusi Brotherhood, the quality which has made his organization what it is and that makes the man himself so dangerous,—the restraint which knows how to wait. Moreover, they and Saleh were convinced that all the youth of Pelesu was at their backs.

XXII.

The crisis came, as such things are apt to come, very suddenly.

Saleh was at that time in charge of a district consisting of a big river which falls into the Pelesu on its right bank at a distance of about a hundred and twenty miles from its mouth. It formed an appanage to a much larger district ruled by an Englishman named Wilson, to whom Saleh was directly responsible. Wilson himself bore the reputation of "a glutton for work," and one of his preoccupations for many months past had been an attempt to get a measure of steady toil out of Saleh. He had not been uniformly successful, and there was little love lost between the two men.

Saleh was never quite clear how it was that the mistake in his accounts originated. Persistent carelessness upon his own part, aided possibly by dishonesty on that of one or more of his Malay clerks, was probably responsible; but upon a certain day he made the discovery that he was some five hundred dollars short in his cash.

He had just concluded the annual collection of land rents in his district, and there were nearly six thousand dollars in the safe. He had already anticipated the greater portion of his next month's allowance—in itself a serious irregularity,—and he had no means of making good the deficiency. The visit of an audit-clerk was to be expected at any moment.

At first Saleh was in despair. Once more he had failed, and had failed hideously. The thought of the open shame to which the incident would expose him made him wince and tingle. The prospect of the sort of interviews which awaited him with Wilson and with the Resident made him squirm and fume in anticipation. And then anger, the fierce, unreasoning anger of the Malay, and the old hatred of a manifest injustice, the keenness of which was due to his English upbringing, came to his aid. After all, was not this missing money the property of the rightful rulers of Pelesu? Was it not his, *his*, to have and to hold, to do with as he chose? What claim had the white men to it, the white men who would presently call him to account because of its loss? In imagination he saw himself publicly disgraced by those same white men, spoken to, in the presence of his people, it might be, in language which hot, royal blood could ill brook, relegated thereafter to contemptible obscurity as a tool which had been tried and found worthless. Once before, in a Richmond ballroom, when the conversation of a pair of lovers, overheard by chance, had seemed to knock the bottom out of his world, Saleh had had his soul whipped into that turmoil of excitement which, among men of his race, produces the *âmok*-runner: once again this inherited madness gripped him, but this time there was no Jack Norris at hand to exorcise the demon by the force of his strong, calm presence. Instead, at his very elbow, was Râja Pahlâwan Indut, a warrior whom experience had made expert in the morbid psychology of his kind, to play upon his emotions and his passions, upon the angry, tortured soul of the lad, as a skilled musician plays upon his chosen instrument. The two sat

communing together far into the night. Wild words were spoken, wild counsel was given and taken, wild schemes were framed, wild plans were laid. Then, a little before the dawn was due, Râja Pahlâwan arose and presently melted away into the district.

Thereafter Saleh spent a miserable ten days. He watched the bend in the bank down river, expecting every moment to see a boat bearing either Wilson or the dreaded audit-clerk loom into view. He was torn by agonizing vacillation. At one moment he was for surrender, for making a clean breast of everything to Wilson, and for accepting the consequences of what had occurred, let them be never so unpalatable. At others he was goaded to fury by the thought of the unmerited injustice of which he was the victim; and then again he would recall the fact that Râja Pahlâwan had gone forth upon a mission which had for its object the raising of the Green Flag of the Prophet in the land of Pelesu, and that he, Saleh, could not now withdraw without betraying his friend. His brain, his whole being, was in a turmoil: he could neither eat nor sleep. His moods varied hourly, now plunging him into depths of despair, now elating him with a wild, savage joy at the prospect of battle to be done for the rights of which the white men had robbed him, now reducing him to a sullen torpor, again goading him to the manifestation of a half-delirious hilarity.

Upon the tenth night, as he lay wide-eyed upon his sleeping-mat, he was startled by the sound of a sudden, fierce outbreak of rifle-fire. Tingling from head to foot, and anticipating he knew not what, he leapt to his feet, seized a native broadsword in his hand, and, followed by half a dozen of his people, plunged out into the darkness. Loud cries and an occasional shot sounded from the direction of the police-station; in the Chinese shops of the long street bordering the river-bank he could see lights passing to and fro, could hear the noise made by the inmates as they hastily fortified the doors, and the keening of frightened women: as he ran, he saw a great, crimson tongue of flame leap upward into the night, licking hungrily at the darkness.

The police-station was distant half a mile from the bungalow, and by the time Saleh arrived upon the scene the building was a roaring bonfire, round which danced a host of armed Malays waving their weapons aloft, yelling their battle-cry, their faces seen in the red fire-glare strained and savage with excitement, their figures eloquent of the mad lust of fighting whereby they were possessed.

Râja Pahlâwan Indut, who entertained certain doubts as to whether, at the last moment, Saleh would nerve himself to break finally with the old life, had taken it upon himself to go a step beyond the plan prearranged between them. He had delivered a successful night attack upon the police-station, whose occupants, grown careless through long immunity, had not the faintest notion that any danger threatened them; had butchered the garrison of five-and-twenty Sikhs, before they could wake from their sleep or reach for their weapons; had removed all arms and ammunition which the place contained; and then had set the building in a blaze. All had been done in the name of Râja Muhammad Saleh, the leader of Young Pelesu, the Champion of Islâm, the Scourge of the Infidel, the Pretender to the throne of his Forebears! Râja Pahlâwan, as he knew full well, had not only burned the police-station, for Saleh's boats had gone up to the angry heavens also on that tongue of flame!

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(To be continued.)

THE ETHICS OF GREEK ART.

In that excellent book of his, "The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages," Mr. Taylor points out that "the Greeks reached their ethical conceptions in part through philosophical speculation as to the universe and man and God, matter and mind, and in part through their sense and understanding of the beautiful; that is," as he proceeds to explain, "through the æsthetic and artistic side of their nature, which sought everywhere harmony, fitness and proportion." The first statement presents no difficulties. Philosophical speculation is just as much a way to knowledge now as it was in the days of the Greeks. But the second is much harder to understand. How are ethical conceptions, how are ideas of what is right and wrong in conduct, to be derived from the æsthetic sense and the understanding of the beautiful? The very thought of an ethical significance in the word beauty has almost died out. It lasted far on into Christian times. Early Christian philosophy, especially that which emanated from Alexandria and was nourished on Greek ideas, habitually deals with beauty as synonymous with truth. But that meaning of the word has evaporated. No one now would think of describing a search after truth as a search after the beautiful.

It is pretty safe to say, unless the reader has derived it from Greek art, that the notion of the æsthetic sense originating and being a source of ethical conceptions will scarcely have occurred to him. Other races have employed art as a vehicle to express ideas and convictions previously arrived at, and it has been in proportion as these preconceived ideas have been strongly and decidedly held that the art embodying them has assumed a definite and significant character. But to express ideas, however vigorously, is not to initiate them.

The distinction between an art which initiates and an art which expresses ideas is perfectly exemplified in the difference between Greek and Gothic architecture. A Gothic cathedral is the finest and most complete presentment remaining to us of the life and thought of the mediæval age. It is full of the spiritual exaltation which was the master sentiment of the epoch of the Crusades, and it is full of the extraordinary democratic energy of a time when all classes of the people, banded in their crafts and guilds, were animated by a virile pride in their labor and a consciousness of the value of it. It is the keynote of mediæval life that the whole of it, down to the commonest industries and poorest acts of toil, was inspired by a vigorous spirit of dignity and independence; and all this was poured into mediæval art. To us, of the same race and blood as its builders, this art still appeals as it did to them. It expresses us as it expressed them. If it is not strictly artistic in the academic sense, if it is not laid out and proportioned by abstract rule, it is none the worse for that. We are not going to art for a justification of what stirs our hearts so deeply. The Gothic cathedrals, Mr. Lethaby declares, "are more than art." He means that their appeal as an interpretation of life, their eloquent appeal to the racial sentiments and emotions we still share in, is of itself their justification, and is a better justification than adherence to æsthetic laws, which, he admits, were ignored by their originators.

Perhaps he is right. But, while we extol Gothic for what it gives us, let us also note the one small, and in our

eyes insignificant, thing which it fails to give. Gothic art has in it no power to initiate ideas, nor was it ever used or regarded as if it possessed any such power. It was used to record ideas. For this its contemporaries loved and valued it, because it uttered their lives for them; and for this we, being of the same national stock and sympathies, love and value it still. But this was not the Greek notion of the function of art at all. So little so that there is not a single merit in Gothic which, in Greek eyes, would not have been a demerit. There is not an end striven for which, in Greek eyes, it would not have been degradation to attain. Between the two there is no question of degree of excellence, or greater and less perfection. The question is one of the whole end and aim of art and its intended use to mankind. A Greek, reared in his own race's ideals in matters of art, would, if he were brought into the presence of Gothic, assuredly tell us, not that this style was in certain respects different and, in his own estimation, probably inferior to his own, but that it was not art at all; that it was not the creation of the artistic faculty, and did not serve the purposes which art was intended to serve. And if we were to press into his meaning he would explain that this art was worthless for the very reason that we love it so, because it is a record of life. Yes, he would insist, an art which reflects the life of its time, with all its fugitive daily interests, which is swayed by human impulses and caprices, and takes its color from passing fashions or the likes and dislikes of an individual, is an art which has become life's slave. It offers no independent testimony of its own, for it does not act according to its own volition. It does not obey its own laws, for it does not even know that it has laws of its own to obey. It does what life tells it to do, and says what life tells it to say. We can imagine our visitor's growing perplexity and concern in this world of Gothic, and how at last he would break out almost incredulously: "Do you really believe, then, that the æsthetic sense was given us merely to record our own petty whims and impulses? If so, you ignore the nature of the faculty and the part it should play in human life. What is that part? It is to illumine life, not to record it; to be a guide, not an echo; to be a witness to ethical truths, not indeed by explaining the truth, but by demonstrating their beauty."

This would be the Greek criticism, and for two reasons we should give it a hearing. In the first place, the most cursory acquaintance with the Doric style reveals in the Greek view a remarkable consistency. That which first strikes a Northern eye in regard to Doric is its lack of all interest and significance derived from life. It is true the subjects of its sculptured groups, when such existed, were mostly taken from Greek history or myth. But these representations were at the most racial, never local. Such vague legends as the wars of Centaurs or Amazons are not impressions of life in the Gothic sense. Their interest is ideal and remote, not actual and immediate. Moreover, these sculptures are independent of the structure, which is perfect without them; their appearance was optional, and in more cases than not they were dispensed with altogether. Nothing in the Gothic sense personal, nothing of local or temporary interest, finds a place in the Doric temple. It is detached. For centuries the type does not vary. Cities rise and fall, generations come and go, but this characteristic achievement of the Greek genius scarcely changes by the inflection of a line. Aloof from human life, the accidents and passions of man's lot do not touch

it. Whatever may have been its attraction for the race which evolved it, it was not the Gothic attraction. It was not the attraction of an art which expresses the life of its own time and place. Doric architecture knows nothing of the life going on round it. It utterly ignores that life.

And yet—and this is the second consideration I spoke of—the reality of the attraction exercised by the Doric style, the depth and genuineness of the love which the Greeks felt for their temples, admit of no doubt whatever. The most commanding site in or near the city was the temple's unquestioned perquisite, and no Greek settlement or colony considered itself launched and fit to live its own life until one at least, but more likely a whole group, of these stately edifices surveyed its fortunes from the neighboring eminence. The temple, we are bound to admit it, filled quite a big place in Greek life, as the Gothic cathedral did in mediæval life. The Greeks got something out of these buildings, and something, in their eyes, of value. It was not what our forefathers got out of Gothic. What, then, was it?

The question drives us back again upon the Greek notion of the function of art, that it was to be a source of ideas, not a record of them. In what way can art be a source of ideas? Whatever ideas are contained in a work of art, must they not have originated in the mind of the artist, and in that sense must not the work of art be a record rather than a source of ideas? If this be so, the case for an artistic origination of ethical conception falls to the ground. On the other hand, if we still uphold that case, to what are we driven? Ideas are mental property. We know nothing of ideas other than the mind's ideas. If, therefore, a work of art contains ideas, but ideas not derived from the mind, it must mean that those ideas were infused into it, not in the guise of ideas and not under the mind's prompting. They were infused as something other than ideas, and at the instigation of a sense or faculty other than the mind, and then, somehow or other, they hatched out into ideas, or ethical conceptions, later. This may sound a somewhat extravagant theory; nevertheless, once we entertain the claim of art to be a source of ideas, to this conclusion we are inevitably driven. We are driven to it, and when we apply it to Greek art we find its extravagance diminish. Nay, we even find it something in the nature of a solution. It is the case, when we come to examine into the matter, that a Doric temple is charged and saturated with ideas which were not put into it as ideas at all, and which were not supplied by the mind, but by another faculty.

Fergusson, the sanest, after all, of our architectural critics, has the remark that the sensitiveness of vision of the Greeks was equivalent to a "new sense," the potentialities and limitations of which were to our duller perception not very apparent. Fergusson's remark was occasioned by the discoveries brought to light by the elaborate measurements of the Parthenon undertaken by Penrose about sixty years ago. These measurements pointed to a state of things quite unsuspected. There could, apparently, be no more obvious and simple plan of construction than that of a Doric temple. A horizontal weight resting on vertical supports is the most primitive of architectural ideas, and the temple is really nothing else. The traveller in Greece or Sicily, coming upon these gaunt colonnades, is inclined to wonder at the pleasing effects obtained by such simplicity, but does not question the simplicity itself. Yet this simplicity is but a mask. Beneath it lurks a subtlety to which there is nothing comparable in the art of any

other people. Penrose's measurements revealed the fact that the temple in all its parts and proportions was under the influence of certain inflections, which infuse a kind of mystery into the most matter-of-fact appearances, and which meet all attempts at summary description with a gentle contradiction. Nothing seems more evident, for instance, than that the peristyle, as the parallelogram of columns forming the temple's outer wall is called, is of mathematically regular construction. It is composed of so many vertical shafts, of equal size and height, standing equi-distant from each other on a flat platform, and supporting a vertical-faced entablature of horizontal extension. Scientific analysis, however, gently negatives every one of these statements. These columns, it answers us, do not stand vertically, but imperceptibly lean inwards. They are not quite of equal height, nor of exactly the same dimensions, for the angle-shafts and their next-door neighbors are slightly thicker than the rest. They do not stand equi-distant, for in each colonnade the gaps are a little reduced as the corner is approached. They do not rise out of a flat platform; the platform is in a very slight degree curved, or cushion-shaped. Neither is the entablature either upright or of horizontal extension. It leans inwards a trifle, like the columns, and is therefore not vertical; and it is slightly curved, like the platform, and is therefore not horizontal.

Baffled in this way, and headed off at every turn, the spectator feels like some traveller in mid-desert, who, riding down to a blue sheet of water under an overhanging rock finds to his astonishment the water recoil from him and his lake dissolve in air. Nothing in this strange art is what it seems to be. The most obvious facts turn out not to be facts at all. And the closer we carry our examination the more the mystery spreads and deepens. It infects the whole temple. It touches and alters cornice and frieze, architrave and abacus, capital and column. It reaches to the foundations and even to the flights of steps which form the approach to the building. There is not a single feature, nay, there is not a single stone, in the structure which is unconscious of this mystery or which is in itself the mechanically regular and rectilinear object it seems to be. In some slight and entirely unnoticeable degree the mechanical regularity of every stone is deflected, the deflection representing that particular stone's share in the curve or inclination of the feature of which it forms part.

Now I must not here dwell any longer on these mysterious inflections. I must leave them to the reader's consideration. He must remember that we are dealing with huge structural forms, with columns thirty to forty feet high and from six to seven feet in diameter at the base, and with a masonry often composed of blocks of stone or marble twelve to fourteen feet in length. He must remember that the inflections applied to these masses are calculated in minute fractions of inches, and are as a rule to average sight quite imperceptible; and he must also remember that an infinity of labor and skill and expense went to the carrying out of these inflections. If he allows due weight to these considerations he will agree that such alterations as these constitute a very mysterious phenomenon in the history of art, and one which challenges a closer scrutiny. How are they to be explained? After a good deal of discussion it appears that the explanation of one particular alteration is the explanation of all. It had long been observed that a long horizontal line, seen full face, though in itself perfectly straight, *appears to the eye* to sag in

the middle and become slightly concave. The fact that the Doric stylobate or platform was rounded was easily apparent to anyone who happened, instead of looking at it, to look along its edge from either angle. It was, therefore, readily conjectured that this Greek device of adding actual convexity was designed to obviate an apparent concavity. It was an extremely difficult and complicated undertaking, for the Greeks made no allowances in the jointing of their masonry, which was of an exquisite accuracy and fineness, but cut each stone as a section of a flat arch. Moreover, the difficulty was greatly increased by the necessity of fusing together the end curves and side curves of the platform, much as the curves of a vault are dovetailed together, only the present vault is confined to a rise of, about, three inches in a span of two hundred feet. Still the necessary labor was undertaken, and undertaken, obviously enough, for the sake of correcting a carefully analyzed optical illusion.

As closer investigation disclosed the presence of more of these delicate inflections, they, too, were found amenable to the same interpretation. It is an established fact admitting of simple verification that light masses against a dark background appear larger, and dark masses against a light background smaller than they really are, light possessing a power of encroaching upon or eating away darkness. Down the greater part of the length of a Doric colonnade the columns tell as light masses against the shaded cella wall behind them. The peristyle, however, being of greater length than the cella, its corner columns stand clear, and the gaps between them are empty space. Here, then, it is the gaps, or background, that tell as light masses and the columns as dark masses. These observations gave the clue to the changes wrought in the peristyle. Greek vision had noted the illusion and calculated its extent. As soon as the gaps became the light masses they were slightly diminished, and as soon as the columns became the dark masses they were slightly increased. So with the other alterations we were speaking of: they are all directed to the same end. Probably the most far-reaching alteration effected is the inclination inwards of all the vertical lines of the temple. Columns, entablature, pediment, cella walls, even the steps of the stylobate, are in an imperceptible degree slanted so as to form the base of a vast pyramid, or spire, of which the base alone is visible. I must leave the reader to consider for himself what must be the difficulty, in the inclination, say, to the extent of two inches of a column thirty feet high, of working out the necessary alteration in each separate drum of which the column is composed. He will find the addition in skill, labor and expense incalculable. If he would know why all this labor was undertaken, why a Doric temple is built in the semblance of a truncated spire, let him observe the apparent shape of any plain square-headed tower he may chance to see outlined against the sky. He will observe that the ascending lines of the structure apparently diverge as they mount, giving the tower a distinctly top-heavy effect. This, again, is a law of optics. Parallel vertical lines appear to diverge, and this illusion it is which the Greeks have combated in their pyramidal-shaped temples.

So far, then, we find the Doric temple penetrated and, so to speak, suffused with slight imperceptible inflections of line and contour, involving incalculable extra trouble and expense in the building, and we find that the object and aim of all these expedients is to adapt the outlines of the temple more perfectly and accurately to the

laws of sight. The reader will observe that sight is the governing factor in the undertaking. The real shape of the thing did not matter; it was the apparent shape that mattered. Equal columns which appeared unequal would be made unequal to appear equal. A level floor which looked unlevel would be made unlevel to appear level. Vertical lines which appeared to slant would be made to slant that they might appear vertical. Among other races the eye has been called upon to adjust itself to the facts. With the Greeks the facts are, with infinite pains, adjusted to the eye. We get a notion, then, of what Fergusson meant when he spoke of Greek sight as an added sense. It has that air. To turn from the work of other races to Greek work is to find the sense of sight placed in a position of authority it has never before or since occupied, and its most subtle predilections analyzed and provided for in a way utterly incomprehensible to any other people. It is really like coming under the influence and watching the operations of a new sense.

These are facts interesting, perhaps, or at least curious, in themselves. But their chief importance is more in what they indicate than in what they are. It will occur to the reader readily enough that a gift of sight so sensitive as that which we have been studying is scarcely likely to confine its energies to the correction of optical delusions. If a man has a singularly keen appreciation of the laws of sight in one set of circumstances, it may be supposed he will have a similar appreciation of them in other circumstances. If he has made a profound study of the likes and dislikes of the eye, it is probable his knowledge will stand by him equally in his creative as in his corrective work. As a matter of fact, the whole design and detail of a Doric temple are controlled by that sense which the Greeks had wrought to such a pitch of refinement. There is, for example, nothing in art like the Greek knowledge of proportion. We talk easily but vaguely of a façade or an interior being "exquisitely proportioned," but the word in our mouths is so indefinite that we scarcely know what we mean by it. All that most architects aim at in this matter is to avoid falling into flagrant error on one side or the other. But the Greeks aimed at a positive mark, the tiny bull's-eye of absolute perfection. We know when we hold out a book or other weight at arm's length that the strength we exert has to be exactly proportioned to the weight supported. The slightest superfluity of strength and up goes the book. The slightest superfluity of weight and down goes our arm. Support and burden must be adjusted in a point of absolute agreement. It was so the Greeks thought of the law of proportion. The adjustment between the great horizontal entablature and the colonnades of massive shafts is the single but tremendous structural opportunity of the Doric temple. The writer remembers still, as the result of many a month's study of the temples of Greece and Sicily, the gradual revelation to his consciousness of the possibilities of the law of proportion as exemplified in Doric architecture. The forms used are themselves expressive in the highest degree. The vast entablature, a burden for Titans, built of great blocks that stretch from centre to centre of the shafts, is, despite its colossal dimensions, invested with a certain fascinating delicacy from the sharpness of its clear-cut outlines and the incisive edges of its straight mouldings. The perfection of its definition invites the eye to study with exactitude its relation to the supporting shafts. And these, in serried range, elastic, vigorous, while they carry

their burden with buoyant ease, are themselves ennobled by its magnitude and the gravity of the duty they perform. Their strength is nobly exercised, yet not taxed. Never has the profound structural idea of the relation of the means to the end received such eloquent expression as here. Every shed-builder who lays a stick on two uprights has mastered the structural principle of a Doric temple; but the Greeks alone have comprehended the inward significance of the act. They alone have perceived how much pleasure might be called forth by perfectly defined strength exerted upon an exactly adequate burden.

Yet in this we are but observing a further application and use of that sense which the Greeks cultivated so assiduously. The same extraordinary keenness and subtlety of vision which prompted them to elaborate invisible slants and curves with so much pains enables them to strike that perfect balance in proportion which grows upon the eye with so fascinating a power. And when we further study the detailed arrangement of the building it is but to observe a still further application of the same faculty. If illustrations were permitted it would be easy to show by what means the sight of the spectator is guided down the long length of the structure; how effectively the powerful line of the cornice controls the eye's energy, bringing the entire building within easy sweep of a single glance; and yet at the same time how equally effectively, where checks are necessary, checks are imposed, and by what subtle means the eye's course is, as we approach the temple, arrested at intervals and transferred to the frieze beneath, there to be still further penned in and concentrated on the groups of the metopes by the short heavy lines of the vertical triglyphs. These, however, are expedients which require illustrating if they are to be made clear. Let us endeavor to keep to characteristics familiar to the general reader. One such characteristic there is which belongs to the Doric temple not more than it belongs to all Greek artistic work, a characteristic which all will recognize. I mean the Greek love of simplicity and smooth surfaces, the Greek hatred of redundancy, complication and loaded ornament. It is probable that this, in almost everyone's estimation, constitutes the distinguishing mark of Greek art. The word "Greek" to most people, and very rightly, stands primarily for lucidity; and this lucidity is arrived at by the rigorous lopping away of every line and particle of ornament the presence of which is not essential. I have often thought that a useful way of impressing upon children the methods pursued by the Greeks would be to teach them that Greek art is based on subtraction, and other art on addition. The instinct of most people, when they desire to beautify, is to spare neither labor nor expense, to be lavish of workmanship, to go on adding. The result is sure to be acclaimed. Surfaces loaded with decoration are said to be "enriched" with sculpture. Carving so intricate as to be indecipherable is "lace-like." Those entangled and nerveless designs which the Arabs, destitute as they are of all sense for form or construction, love to plaster over their walls and ceilings, continue to impose on us, owing to their very superfluity of adornment. No matter to what time or race we turn, from the little finnikin incisions which cover Egyptian tombs and temples, down to the ponderous decoration of our modern Government buildings, the same idea prevails. Every buttress must be honeycombed with niches, every spandril stuffed with figures. They have no use except for pigeons to build among. Practically

they are invisible. Down the façades of the new Victoria and Albert Museum are dozens upon dozens of carved figures which no mortal eye has ever seen or ever will see. They are there, not because they count for anything to the eye, but because addition is the rule of our art.

To what extent it is so, a comparison with Greek work indicates. The Greeks made a curiously exact study of the value of smooth spaces, and employed to the full the significance which smooth spaces alone can confer, and the resulting refinement of their work has become, as I have said, its best known characteristic. At the same time, let the reader observe that it is a characteristic arising inevitably out of a study of the laws of sight. We can easily satisfy ourselves, by all our eyes look at and avoid, that there is nothing they so dislike and shrink from as complication. They cannot abide moving along lines which are apt to become entangled and involved, nor will they rest for a moment on any surface where the ornament is messy and overcrowded. Redundancy satiates the eye, and actually deprives it of its power of seeing. Hence, the aim of the Greek artist being so to place his decoration that every touch will tell with full effect, he naturally employs as a background a liberal allowance of smooth surface, for smooth surface collects, so to speak, the attention, and represents the eye's power of seeing. In many everyday ways we act on the same knowledge. We know that an object placed in a crowd is overlooked, while one standing alone is, as we call it, conspicuous. But here, again, the effectiveness of the work of the Greeks appears in the delicacy and nicety with which they apportion space to ornament. For they seem to know exactly how much attention any given space can collect, and therefore precisely the amount of ornament which is required to satisfy without fatiguing it; the result of this discrimination being that each touch of theirs shows up unencumbered, with a kind of starry distinctness, reminding one of that thought of Wordsworth's:

> Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky.

What, then, I would impress upon the reader with regard to a Doric temple is this, that not only are its main features and outlines subtly rounded, slanted and curved, in obedience to the eye's requirements, but that the method of its arrangement, its severe simplicity, and the strict and calculated parsimony of its ornament are appraised by the same standard. The stranger may think what he will about Doric architecture, but there is one fact about it which he cannot alter. As sure as one object on a table is more conspicuous than one among fifty, as sure as a tree upon the hill-top stands out more clearly than when nestling in the valley, as sure as horizontal lines are easier for sight to travel on than vertical ones, and left to right a more natural motion for it than right to left; in short, as surely as sight has laws of its own over which we have no control and which guide its every movement, so certain is it that Doric architecture, having alone subscribed to those laws and placed itself entirely under their jurisdiction, is alone in the pleasure it affords to the faculty of sight.

We have almost reached the end of our argument. We said, to start with, that a Doric temple is saturated with ideas which were not put into it as ideas at all, and which were furnished by a faculty other than the mind. That other faculty is the faculty of sight, and the motives it suggests, it suggests not as ideas, but as adaptations of form and surface to the require-

ments of the eye. But though not put in as ideas, these motives can be taken out as ideas. It is, indeed, difficult to speak for a moment of Doric construction without being led insensibly into the language of ethics, for the suggestions of the eye, which that construction everywhere obeys, turn of their own accord into ethical ideas directly they take shape in stone. Certain words and phrases, as we know, have the same tendency. Design, proportion, harmony, the subordination of the parts to the whole, are such words and phrases. They apply to art and ethics both, and are equally used to things relating to the eye and the mind. It only, therefore, needs that these principles should, in the artistic sphere, be enforced to the point at which we become *sensuously* conscious of their influence, and we shall at the same time become *mentally* conscious of it also. Let proportion, let design, be carried to a point of perfection before our eyes, and the same act of consciousness which reveals the apparent and visual significance of the principle reveals also and carries deep into our minds and hearts its intellectual and ethical significance. A moment ago, in speaking of Doric proportions, we slipped unconsciously into the ethical view of the matter, and spoke of the ennobling effect of their duties and a strength adequately exercised yet not taxed. For all who have laid themselves open to the influence of Doric it will be impossible to separate this view from the purely æsthetic. Visual perception passes into ethical conception. The two are fused together. We think with the eye and see with the mind. A new certitude suffuses our being. What was only thought to be true is now seen to be true.

Let me emphasize what is the crux of the whole matter. It is the general supposition, I believe, that the eye moves along as evenly and indifferently as the shadows and sunbeams which chase each other across a landscape, accepting as impartially all that comes in its way; and that, when it rests, it rests as easily on one thing as another. Nothing could be further from the truth. The movement of the eye is not uniform and even; it consists of a series of leaps from one thing to another, and in proportion to the speed of the sweep of the glance is the lightning swiftness of the short leaps which compose it. Yet every single leap is taken by the eye for certain reasons of its own. Like a goat, it picks its path as it goes, selecting this, avoiding that, now hesitating, now turning aside, now springing boldly forward. Its course is a zigzag one, but for each turn it has motives; and if we were to go into the matter carefully, taking our eyes slowly backwards and forwards over the same line of country, we should find that not only would they repeat their leaps and turns with the most perfect regularity, but that the eyes of all other people whom we might choose to consult would behave in exactly the same manner. Similarly, in regard to resting-places, we should find that our eyes had likes and dislikes which are quite outside our own control; that they are particular upon what they lodge, and will not remain more than a moment at rest if surrounding objects either disquiet them or attract them in some other direction. In this respect, too, there will be the same uniformity, and the eyes of all men will be influenced in a similar way.

But these laws of sight, being fixed, must also be definable, and if the reader will attempt the task of defining his own eyes' likes and dislikes, he will find himself using such words as harmony, articulation, proportion, lucidity, simplicity, decision, and so *on*, to describe their likes, and such words as

superfluity, redundancy, weakness, vacillation, to describe their dislikes. He will find himself, that is to say, using ethical language to describe those laws which are inherent in the sight of all creatures, even to some extent in animals, which see at all. Of course of all this interpretation work sight knows nothing. It has no knowledge. It sees or it does not see; it seeks or shuns certain objects or surfaces, and there its business ends. It is the mind which, noting the eyes' movements, supplies the ethical interpretation. Still the eye provides the matter to be interpreted, and if in any given work the laws of sight are embodied fully and perfectly the ethical interpretation becomes inevitable.

Hence it follows that the more perfect an æsthetic arrangement, the more inevitable will be its ethical effect. The reason that "proportion" in architecture suggests to us now nothing ethical is that with us the principle is so inadequately carried out on the æsthetic side that it does not reach the point of ethical consciousness. In the same way the reason we never now connect artistic "design" with any ethical meaning is because our æsthetic design is not æsthetic to the required pitch. The pleasure it gives to the eye, when it gives any, is of so slight and accidental a kind that it has no chance of awakening kindred ideas in the mind. It is not æsthetic enough to be ethical.

But the Doric temple is æsthetic enough to be ethical. In the Doric temple design, proportion, harmony, unity, and so on, are carried to such perfection, purely in relation to sight, that through the eye they enter into possession of the mind. Does the reader imagine that such an influence must be slight or negligible? I venture to say that no one, puzzled by all that is obscure in life and baffled by the eager nothings that crowd our transient days, could desire a more effectual restorative than the contemplation of Doric architecture. Resist, says philosophy, the importunities of the passing hours; he who is diverted from his purpose by fugitive impulses will accomplish nothing; proportion your ends to your means, and, instead of frittering away energy in a thousand caprices, direct it to the purposes of some worthy design. Philosophers have much to say in this vein, but for my part no words of theirs have ever appealed to me with half the force of those mute stones which owe all the power their delicate lines are charged with to their enforcement of these and similar maxims. Remote as we are, of another race, another creed, another age, how is it possible, sitting among the olives and the asphodel under those clear-cut architraves, not to feel, as the Greeks felt, their persuasive advocacy of all that makes life sane and noble.

It was thus this architecture acted on the Greeks. There is a power of persuasion in the sense of sight that surpasses even the power of reason. It is one thing to be told that purpose implies simplicity, and another to absorb through sight a consciousness of simplicity in its visible effect. It is one thing to be told that selflessness is the cement of society and selfishness its solvent, and another to be impressed by the influence of a structural composition which achieves unity through the willing self-surrender of all its component parts. Arguments addressed to the mind are strong, but a spectacle addressed to the eye is stronger. Or, even if it be denied that it is stronger, it is at least an independent testimony. Though ethical in its interpretation it was not ethical but purely æsthetic in its conception. By following the eye's prompting the Greeks were led to these results. There has always ex-

isted a consciousness that the act of inward perception by the mind is one with the outward act of seeing. Mystics, poets, and all who realize inward things vividly, speak of the eye of the mind and of spiritual sight, and we have the common expression "I see" for "I understand." There exists a relationship between the laws of sight and ethical laws, and so it was natural enough that the Greeks, following the eye's dictates, should have been led to an independent testimony to the value of ethical truths. Thus considered, the æsthetic faculty is no slave, but a splendid ally of the mind. It brings troops of its own into the field and supports, with all that the eye holds beautiful, all that the mind holds true.

This great thought of the Greeks, that sight is an independent faculty, with laws of its own, lasted, as I have said, both as a philosophical idea and an æsthetic tradition, far into the Christian era. Through Byzantine art it acted on the art of Europe. It lingered to the twelfth century, and then Gothic killed it. Gothic killed it by promulgating the theory that art existed to chronicle the life of its age. The discovery produced a sensation, and mediæval life proceeded with enthusiasm to embody itself in mediæval art. We have it still with us, that incomparably vigorous rendering of the life of a period, and we are, and no doubt rightly, proud of it. But we have paid a price for it. We have given up for it the Greek idea of sight as an independent witness. The idea that the mind can receive impressions of truth through the eye has been lost. Milton laments that, in his blindness, he drags on his life,

> And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

Such has been our lot since the Gothic revolution. We are still active in art. We register in it our ideas and theories, our whims and caprices. But we can no longer draw from it that succor which the Greeks drew when they looked up at their temples, raised on rocky pedestals for clearer view, and read there, in visible form depicted, the beauty and pleasantness of noble conduct.

L. March Phillipps.

The Contemporary Review.

THE LORD OF THE PIGEONS.

VII.

WHICH TELLETH OF THE DOLOUR OF THE VASSALS OF AUMUR.

So came the pigeons to Aumur, and Thibaut caused to be built dovecotes in which they nested and increased until in numbers they were like no other flock ever before seen, nor, by God's mercy, to be seen again until the world shall dissolve into the flame of the Day of the Second Coming. When upon the uprising of the sun they spread their wings and sped into the air, the clamor of their wings was as the roar of a great gale in a hillside of trees; and when they came at evening to their cotes again, circling against the glowing west, the shadow of them on the castle walls was like that of a cloud which of a sudden veils the sun and blots the meadows, one after one, in gloom.

Now of all Thibaut's merry frolics against Pierre, this one lacked most in good direction; for the pigeons, by no means to be compelled to visit but one small farm, did most mightily plague as they multiplied, the whole domain of Aumur. Until at length the farmers, long settled in mind and resigned

enough to the heavy tax, murmured against the birds. For did sleep hold one of these base wretches within the Gates of Ivory after the sun had arisen, his field was stripped bare of the ripening grain, and did one make motion to feed his poor flock of fowls at any time 'twixt dawn and dusk, be sure that the pigeons were there to pick the grain ere it fell from the hand. Which the varlets could ill abide, but natheless dared not speak their hearts to Thibaut.

Well they knew, too, that the Lord of Aumur, although the loss was of his own wanton making and none of theirs, would remit not one denier of the tax. So some, contenting themselves with murmuring against him, took no great harm save sore backs; but others trapped the birds and ate them, until, two, taken in this villainy, were hanged—as, God wot, most richly they merited. For surely it is of all sins the greatest to kill the wild-fowl of one's master in which he taketh his delight. It is a heinous slaughter, mark you, and not one to be in any manner condoned withal.

It was after the hanging of these two that Thibaut came again to Pierre's cottage, laughing mightily as he rode to the door to see the pigeons busy in the wheat, but composing his brow to sudden anger as his vassal bowed before him. "Is it thus, dog," he said, "that thou makest holiday? I dare wager that thou, like all the other idle varlets of the village, make great talk, saying that I, thy lord, am bowelless and without justice for that I have a mind to amuse myself with these pretty and harmless doves. Yet thou takest little pain, 'twould appear, to drive them from thy wheat. Look thou, then, that the tax be paid, for one-half this crop, which thou idly allowest to be devoured, is my crop. Yea, look thou that the tax be ready. for 'twill go hard with thee or thou losest not thy holding with a backtickling to boot."

To this, cap in hand, very meek in aspect, but jestful in spirit, Pierre made answer: "My lord Thibaut, who am I that I should chase my master's doves from their food? I have in mind that the two sons of Magnan suffered death for that same, and I have no will to swing in the air while the black pigeons of hell feast upon my flesh. That were folly unbefitting one who holdeth himself in no scorn for his wisdom. Besides, these doves, innocent and happy, I love them well; enjoying and admiring to see them about my farm, never growing into discontent at their soft calling, nor churlishly grudging mine eyes delight in their beauty because, forsooth, they take some small store of wheat. Why should I murmur against my lord? Continually I praise his bounty in that he still suffereth me, unworthy, to live upon this so fair earth. In the matter of the tax, be sure that your highness's steward will receive it to the last *sou*. As for me, I do frequently marvel, how it be so small."

Now, Thibaut was put into much admiration to hear Pierre speak thus; and not well content, for the play began to weary him, passed from the village to the Château again. Here he found fresh matter for his spleen. For in his absence had come a messenger from my Lord of Gesny, making complaint of divers pigeons which wasted and ate the substance of his vassals so that these made motion for an abatement of his tax. Credibly informed that these fowl were housed at Aumur, he would hold it but brotherly and courteous of his well-beloved Thibaut to reduce his flock in some indifferent measure.

At this was Thibaut indeed wrath, yet his anger was not toward his own unwisdom in breeding fowl to eat up the land of Gascony, but toward those

who had taken hurt of them; against Gesny was he stirred up, and against the vassals, but chiefly against Pierre of the Scar. His jesting with that villain became most tedious and displeasing, and he resolved to end it in short measure. Yet his heart was still toward the rascal for his courage and constancy, things rare indeed in the vassals of a feudal lord. Wherefore, giving an evasive answer to Gesny's herald, he went into his chamber, taking thought how he would find matter of offence against Pierre so as to take his farm from the knave, and bring him as a soldier into the Château. Pondering these things he passed to his window, and, looking out over his domains, upon which the dark mantle of the night had lately been thrown, he saw, down by the river where Pierre's holding was, a great light of burning. The shouting of many voices came up from the place, and once a scream, as of a woman in great fear and pain of mind and body.

VIII.

IN WHICH THE PEOPLE OF AUMUR, OUT OF THEIR BASE ENVY, MAKE CHARGES AND INTENTION OF FOUL DEALING AGAINST PIERRE; WITH OTHER NOTABLE AND PLEASING HAPPENINGS.

Now in the evening of that day upon which Gesny's man came to Aumur, divers folk of the village sat before the door of the Inn of the Four Winds, discussing angrily of Thibaut, his hard rule, and of whence it came that he was so stirred up against the people. There sat old Magnan, whose two sons tainted the winds, swinging in their chains at the turning of the road which runneth toward Chateaurenard. There sat also the headman, Jacques Bourreau—oh, apt style!—together with the brothers André and Michel Vaillant, whose farm lay neighborly to that of Pierre of the Scar.

"I tell thee, Jacques," cried Magnan, bringing his fist down upon the rude table under the great poplar, "I tell thee that this be all the doing of Pierre, whom may hell burn quickly."

"Ay," growled Michel, who had desired Jeanne ere Pierre had wedded her. "And how comes it that he, who laboreth hardly at all, yet payeth always his tax and hath also bread and meat and a spare *sou* for a cup of wine; while we who toil from morn to eve, ploughing, sowing, reaping, and above all driving off those accursed fowl from the Château, are hard put to it for our rents, and have gone without supper, I warrant ye, more times than we had will thereto?"

"How, indeed, if not by traffic with the Black Devil, his master?" put forth André.

"Yea," answered the headman, "and it may well be thus, God wot. For surely did my lord speak unto me three days agone, saying that he had suspicion of us, that we of the village, in despite of his will, were helping Pierre in money and kind to withstand those afflictions which he, our lord, saw fit, beyond our understandings, to lay upon the rascal's cracked head. This I denied with tears and humility, as is my custom with him, for he is a proud and tetchy lord, and most frolic with his whip. Now in truth I had thought that Pierre was in some favor with the Cat. But it would appear from this that it were not so, although I seldom aim awry in my notions. Ye all know me for a man of quick wit. Yet it doth seem I am, this one time, wrong.

"It may be, then, that he hath made this wicked bargain of which André speaketh, and known the impious and monstrous rites of the Black Mass." Here the company crossed themselves devoutly.

"If, therefore——"

"Thou art tedious," broke in Magnan. "I, whose blood is well-nigh

dried up by the sorrow of my two sons' death, and the salt tears I have wept for them, say that there can be no 'if' in this matter. The man is a notorious follower of Satan, and besides, hath brought much grief and hardship into the village by his monstrous withstanding of the Lord of Aumur. Who is he, strong of body though he be, to stand unaided against the claws of the Cat? Nay, the devil doth aid him. Wherefore, I say, to the river with the sorcerer."

"Well for thee," snapped the headman, "to speak of throwing Pierre Scarpate into the river. But we are but four, and he is strong, and I am fat, and thou art old. So our brothers here are to take upon themselves this deed? Why, the villain would take them each in one hand and break their skulls one against the other like walnuts. Especially if, as thou sayest, he hath leagued himself with the——"

André flamed out in rage and impatience. "Peace, fool," he roared. "In this matter we may surely count upon a good score of our neighbors when they learn how they have suffered from Pierre's withstanding of the Cat, and by his devilish beguilements and abuses. Hast any doubt that this man is a patent and notorious sorcerer? Then I shall resolve them, and prove thee too that Jeanne, his wife, dealeth in witchcraft. I intended not speech of this thing, having regard to the vengefulness of witches upon such as displease them. But, as I passed the cottage but last se'nnight, just as it drew toward dusk, did I look in at the kitchen, and there behind the door, upon the quern, was a most hideous Black Thing with great horns, which glowered upon me and rolled its eyes most frightful and ghastly to behold. . . . Nay, 'twas *not* but a stag's head, Jacques Bourreau. For I warrant thee that it moved; yea, though there were no light in the cottage, so that I could not see over-plain, yet I warrant thee that this I did see, and that its eyes moved. Whereat, amazed, I ran till I was out of breath. How, then, can Jeanne be aught better than her man when these things be in her house? Let us most courageously call up some score of the villagers, therefore, and cast the witches into the river. Let us, too, burn down the house to drive out the devils which do there inhabit."

"Dost swear to this?" demanded Bourreau magisterially.

"Ay, by the Rood," said André. For the stag's head had in truth looked uncanny in the dusk.

"Well, then," commanded the headman, "do thou call upon Vinet and Loubet and the four stout sons of Pascal. Let them arm themselves, for there may be crowns broken; and meet me at the little footbridge which spanneth the ditch below the house of the good Italian, Father Rudolfo. There will I come presently with some half-score of good fellows all given to right hatred of the Devil and his priests. Featly go thou, and make no stir, lest it do come to the knowledge of the witches what we intend against them."

So it befell that, her man having gone into the forest behind the hill for the snaring of rabbits, Jeanne, in the early hours of darkness, was haled forth of her house by a crowd of valiants and perforce watched the torch set thereto by old Magnan. Then, after many attempts to obtain a confession of Satanic dealing, and after much beating with staves about the head and body, they brought her unto the river-bank. Here once more they halted, and by the same strenuous means sought to obtain from her the hiding-place of Pierre. Nor did it occur to these sons of she-asses that Pierre, had he been by to see their

abuse of his wife, would, far from hiding, have come berserk to their killing.

But well it was for the woman that she was so beaten; or had they taken her straight to the river, Thibaut and his men would have come too late. As it fell out, however, these arrived in time to save her life, and swinged the dogs of the village roundly, setting them running this way and that, and whipping them as they ran.

Then, dismounting, Thibaut strode across to where the woman lay, all but dead of her wounds, and turned her over with his foot, as one might turn a dead fox, to see her face. And at this moment, farther along the bank, Jeanne's young brother, Gaston, rose up and fled; but a guest of Thibaut's, a Scottish lord hight Mactonal—a name of horror—chased and caught him, and carried him on his horse to where Thibaut stood over Pierre's wife.

"Ha!" cried the Lord of Aumur. "Thou, then, art one of the base caterpillars that have done this murder. Take him and hang him to yonder tree."

"Nay, my lord," pleaded the boy, "I am Jeanne's brother; why should I hurt her? Only I hid, being afraid for my life. What could one, a boy, do against so many?"

"This is Scarpate's woman, then?"

"Ay, my lord. He was from home, else these coward slaves had not dared this villainy. But I know their names full well, and when Pierre cometh back he will surely kill them, one for each mark upon my sister."

"Methinks, boy, that instead of hanging them I will allow Scarpate his way with them. 'Twill be harder than the rope, that I dare warrant." He stood awhile, pulling at his lip; then, "Take up the wench," he commanded his men, "and bring her away to the Château. The women will make her sound again. Pah! The rats! Full well should I love to see big Scarpate's way with them."

They took Jeanne, therefore, up to the castle, and the women washed and bound up her wounds. But nevertheless, she lay many hours as one dead, so grievously had she been misused.

Meanwhile, Pierre, coming home to the red embers of his cottage, and, missing his wife, found Gaston weeping upon the river-bank and thereafter the night was filled with the voices of those who had been forward in the business. First came Pierre unto the house of the headman, and, breaking the door, dragged Jacques Bourreau, half dead with fear and praying for mercy, into the street where he left him some minutes later with no spot on his skin unbruised or unbroken, so that for two days he moved not from his bed. The two brothers Vaillant he punished in like manner, nor did the stoutness of the four sons of Pascal save them; for though they were ready with pikes, he flung himself upon them raging, wherefore few of them were whole for long after. Be sure, at all events, that the villagers took little joy of their high emprise and errantry.

These pleasant diversions having been effected between midnight and the first light of dawn, Pierre came with the sun before the postern of Aumur. The door-keeper, a clownish lout and great in folly, not seeing that this were no time for jesting, gave tongue merrily, saying that Jeanne was now all for Thibaut, finding him a properer man than Pierre.

Three teeth he lost by that jape, and Pierre strode across him as he lay, so coming into the Château. Thibaut received him easily and bade him be brought to where his wife lay.

Now the punishment of the rascals of Aumur was not yet accomplished, for Thibaut, three days after these

happenings, craftily gave it forth that Pierre was a prisoner in the Château upon charges of witchcraft and assault upon the bodies of his loyal vassals, and commanded that all who had suffered at the hands of the wizard should come to the castle and give evidence against him of that which he had done unto them. Whereat, conceiving that they should now have their will of Pierre, the villagers came up as joyfully as befitteth men who are bruised all over their bodies, to bear witness. Hither came old Magnan, with the three sons of Pascal (for the fourth would never move abroad again), and the brothers Vaillant. Like unto a band of beggars they were with their swathe-cloths and crutches, and Jacques Bourreau rode before upon an ass, so keen was he for vengeance. Thibaut saw them from the walls afar off, and with Mactonal laughed and slapped his thigh and went nigh mad with the humor of it. "One man's handicraft, Mawcom," said he to Mactonal. "Saw one ever the like?"—and then another fit of laughing came upon him.

But when he came into the great hall to hear the case, his brow was severe and his aspect haughty, as beseemeth a great lord in his justice-chamber. When the poor fools had laid their case before him, he gave command that Jacques Bourreau should strip off his clothes that he might see the bruises and know that he had spoken truths as to the hurts that Pierre had most bloodily done him. So the headman did off his garments and bandages, and Thibaut noted well the marks of ill-usage upon him. But he commanded him to draw near, and saying that these wounds might have been cunningly painted, as the beggars of Italy paint their sores for the pity of the charitable, he tested their verity by smiting them gently with his staff, so that the rascal capered and howled with the pain of it, in a manner very diverting and pleasing to behold.

"'Twould seem true that he hath been beaten, Mawcom," said Thibaut, gravely. "Therefore the rough usage we will take as proven against the villain Scarpate. Now to the tale of witchcraft."

André repeated forthwith his tale of the Eyes which rolled, and all present —save only Thibaut, Mactonal and Pierre—crossed themselves like true sons of the church. Thibaut asked of Pierre the truth regarding the matter, and the big farmer answered that 'twas the head of a brocket which André's coward fear had changed into an imp.

"A brocket!" cried Thibaut. "Wilt confess it to my face? I care not for any wizardry thou mayest do, but deer-killing I will not have."

"Last year, my lord," replied Pierre, "your magnificence said that the killing of a brocket, nor e'en a staggert, would by no means be held a matter of offence against me, so that I but let the stag-royal be."

"Knave," answered Thibaut, "thou turnest my speech awry to some purpose. I did, I remember me, say—Pah! Thou naughty variet, why bandy I words with thee?" But the Lord of Aumur turned away his head to hide a smile. Then, grave again, he proceeded with the witness.

Now André, raking about in the ashes of Pierre's farm, had come upon a lump of metal so heavy that he took pains to see what it might be, cutting it with his knife and finding the yellow gleam of gold. The moneys which Pierre had hidden in his bed had melted in the great heat, and run together as it fell into a little hollow in the earthern floor. André, tempted to keep it, yet fearing the punishment were it found in his possession, had brought it up to the Château as evi-

dence against Pierre. The scurvy knave could not have hit more shrewdly against the life of his enemy. Now he gave the thing into the holding of Thibaut, a great lump of the bigness of a man's fist, and the Lord of Aumur sat awhile considering, turning the metal over and over in his hands, whilst it was for Pierre to curse the folly which had left it to be discovered by the smirking André.

Then at length Thibaut spake, giving judgment upon the charges his loving vassals had brought against Pierre. He allowed that Pierre had soundly beaten them. But this seemed but fair requital for the beating of Jeanne, Pierre's woman. The charge of witchcraft he would himself consider, as it no doubt would be found that any practices of this art would firstly be levelled against himself, his person and safety.

As for them, he had against them the little matter of rioting in his domains, and burning down houses which belonged to a vassal, contrary to his peace and honor. Wherefore, each would pay a fine to be later determined by him. Thus he sent them away, much chapfallen, I warrant you, at this his judgment.

IX.

WHEREIN IS RELATED HOW PIERRE HAD HUNG SAVE FOR MY LORD OF GESNY; AND HOW AT LENGTH HE CAME TO HONOR.

It was in the evening of that day that Thibaut caused Pierre to be brought before him to answer for the lump of gold found in the ashes of his cottage. But Pierre, seeing that the truth might well hang him, denied all knowledge of the matter. The Cat now, however, had his claws out, and his heart was hot with temper. Would Pierre not speak to his fair questions he would, perchance, speak to other devices. So unto the torture-chamber was the villain brought, and bound upon the rack. One man stood at his head and one at his feet, the levers in their grip; and Thibaut scowled down into his face, asking him for the last time ere the ill work began.

"Nay, touse me joint from joint, and you'll get no word of me," answered Pierre to his question.

Thibaut lifted his hand to the torturers, but Macontal, who stood by, spake ere the rack turned. "Truly," he said, "I cannot think that the rogue will speak, for, it is the stoutest knave, mark you, that I have ever seen. But try his woman, Thibaut, try his woman."

Thibaut smiled cruelly. "By'r Lady, Mawcom, hast hit it," he swore, and gave order that Pierre should be unbound and that Jeanne be brought to the dungeon.

Then, indeed, spake Pierre from the rack. "My Lord Thibaut," he said, "never would I pray for mine own skin, as well you know. But for my wife's sake I will confess to you so that my death may be quick and my woman safe from hurt. Naught can you gain from torturing her, for she knoweth naught. Therefore but affirm her safe and I give tongue to it."

"I have no quarrel with her," sneered Thibaut, "for she is a comely wench. And I dare swear she hath none with me; so it may be when thou art gone—of that when thou *art* gone. Nay, then, I will promise that she shall come to no hurt—save of her own will."

Pierre winced not at the sneer, nor, in truth, did he pay heed to the thought of that at which the malice of Thibaut had pointed.

"Man to man, O Cat, she is safe?" he said.

"Ay," growled Thibaut.

So Pierre told how he had found the treasure of Aumur and used it to defy

his lord's will; and Thibaut commanded that he was to reveal the path to the cave and then to hang from the battlements. At which this froward and impenitent varlet did laugh, swearing that he was out of love with life and right fain to rest. Only he begged that he might see his wife once more before he died. Which boon was granted him.

In the morning therefore he led Thibaut to the place of the treasure, and the Lord of Aumur and his friend Mactonal marvelled much at the dead men and at the great wealth which they had so long guarded. The box was lowered to the foot of the hill, and carried up to the Château, and a beam was run out from a great height of the keep for the hanging of Pierre who stepped out upon the flags laughing; for though unwilling to die, as all young and brave men are, he was without fear and of cheerful countenance, taking scorn to show the sadness which was at his heart for his wife.

Now whether it was the true intent of Thibaut to have hung this man (and who shall say that it was not so?), the hanging did not go forward, for as they mounted the battlements two of the guard fell before a flight of arrows which swept across the platform, and cries of battle and of men surprised rose from the courtyard. For Gesny, still sore at his late besiegement, and hot against Aumur for the sake of the pigeons, had come, joined with his cousin of Brécy, hard upon his herald, and was even now battering upon the door of the keep, having taken the drawbridge guard unaware and gained the court. Seeing this, Pierre's guard left him, and coming to their arms, made a sally from the postern, taking Gesny in the rear. Mactonal, despite his barbarous name, was a man ferocious in battle; and what matter of a name when the heart is brave and the hand strong? He it was who led the sally, running even before Thibaut and whirling into the fight with some strange noise like a cough, very amazing and disheartening to Gesny's men. But Thibaut, coming close behind him, was struck by an arrow in the shoulder and beaten back against the wall by three knaves with pikes, so that he had much ado to save his life.

Pierre, be sure, was not backward in the matter, for it was more to his taste to die fighting than to swing dishonorably with out-thrust tongue and blackened face. So, taking a pike, he came into the battle, giving the warcry of Aumur, "Strike for the Cat!" as he ran in upon the three who beset Thibaut, and bringing his lord off, he bestrode him in the doorway until a rescue came. Soon Gesny's men began to give back toward the outer gates, and the battle flamed away from the keep. Lord Mactonal made his play with a great two-handed sword, which weapon the Scots and English do affect, and at every blow a man went down. Pierre drave his pike into the thigh of Gesny's cousin of Brécy, and brought him to his knees, where he would have surely killed him had not the knight rendered himself.

Meanwhile, Thibaut, faint with his wound, had leaned his back against the door and kept his eye upon the battle, laughing as he saw in what way it went; anon cursing his hurt which kept him out of it, and cheering his men on as the enemy flagged. When Brécy went down he clapped his hands, and then, as the fight roared, echoing from the great archway, through the outer gates, he fainted from loss of blood and was carried by his men into his chamber, where the leech, having bound his hurts with healing herbs, drew yet another pint of blood from his wasted veins by cupping. but mercifully—by some over-

sight—left him enough of the precious fluid for his safe recovery.

When he came again to his senses, the night had fallen, and the wailing of the women came from below as they mourned for those who had that day died. Over against the light square of the window Thibaut saw the head and shoulders of a man. "O Mawcom," he cried, "how went it? Do they still besiege?"

"My lord," replied the man, and Thibaut knew him on the voice for Pierre of the Scar, "the fight is over and we have won. But the Lord Mactonal is sore wounded, and I have made bold to order the defences of Aumur, and to come hither to await your pleasure. They rallied when Lord Mactonal fell, but now we have scattered them east and west and south and north. Thirty we have killed, and thrice that number are in our dungeons. And I, fool, have come back to the halter."

"Was't thou who led after my Lord Mactonal fell?" inquired Thibaut.

"Ay, my lord."

Thibaut was silent for a little space. Then—" 'Twas thou, too, who took Brécy?"

"Ay, my lord."

"Well, we will let the matter of the halter bide till I come to my strength again. Meanwhile, do thou take charge of the prisoners and the castle. See that a messenger goeth this night unto Châteaurenard. And—Scarpate——"

"My lord?"

"Feed Brécy upon pigeon-pie until his ransom cometh. Of that ransom more anon. But—pigeon-pie for the fool."

"Ay, my lord," answered Pierre, and left the chamber to carry out his orders.

Thibaut, lying weakly in the dark, thought more softly than was his wont, for helplessness and sickness do take the pride out of the haughty where aught else fails. "And I was about to hang this man," he muttered. "Was I, though? What was in my heart the devil may know. I do not. Well——"

Had Pierre been hung he himself would not now be alive, nor Brécy taken. Aumur would most likely have fallen for lack of a leader, and —bitter thought—the shallow Lord of Gesny would now be ruffling it in his Château. But this vassal had taken in his strong hands the scattered reins of the fight, and though truly the victory was almost won, yet for lack of a resolute at the head of affairs it might well have been lost again.

And now came Pierre again, saying that the commands of his lord had been carried out.

Thibaut bade him wait as he was once more departing. "Scarpate," he said, "I have done thee some skaith. Is it not so?"

"My lord was merry," answered Pierre. "Who am I to complain?"

"I have at least found me a man; and, Scarpate, men, true men, are piteous scarce in the world."

"My lord honors me," Pierre replied.

Thibaut considered. "If I remit the hanging," he said, "doth that quit us?"

"Give me my wife, my lord, and leave to build again my poor cottage, and I will extol the mercy of the Cat as greater than that of any other lord in France."

"Ho!" laughed Thibaut. "The mercy of the Cat—ask the villagers whether I be of the soft mould of mercy. But farming is a hard life, Scarpate, a hard life and without honor. Would'st be my steward rather, to gather the rents of the varlets who used thee so ill; to administer mine estate, to grow fat upon good food and rich wines, to clothe thyself and thy woman in fine linen?"

"Nay, my lord, 'tis a caterpillar's

life, a slug's life. Nay, I thank you, I know the honor is great—but give me my farm again."

"I have said that thou art a man; I say it again. Thou hast chosen well. But mayhap I can find a better employ for thee, one after the heart which thou hast shown me this day before the keep. Would'st be a soldier, Scarpate—a pikeman—an archer—an ancient? Nay then, would'st be the Captain of the Guard? This will I make thee, the Captain of my Guard of Aumur. Thou shalt go with me to my wars, Scarpate, thou shalt give hard blows and take 'em, thou shalt command this castle, hereafter as thou hast done this day. Is it enough, or doth the farm still draw thee?"

"Enough!" gasped Pierre. "Oh, my lord!"

"What?" laughed Thibaut. "I cannot give more, man."

"My lord Thibaut," Pierre replied, "I am not, God He knows, worthy of this high honor. But if my lord pleases I will take upon myself the office. Of one thing be assured that I will be ever faithful. For it is true that the life of a soldier and a leader of bold men is more to my liking than the dragging of rents from poor devils of vassals or than the digging of the soil."

"Well," answered Thibaut, "that is settled. But one more thing I would command thee ere I sleep. That you order my steward to come to me—or—nay—I wish not to be bothered, see to it thyself. I desire that all the dovecotes save one shall be destroyed, and that the pigeons be killed save some hundred which do inhabit that one. These I will keep. The dead ones must be loaded upon carts and sent to Gesny with my best compliments—zounds, 'twill be a load. He will not know whether I send the things in peace or in amice, Scarpate; and that I love, for that is my way. For the rest, feed Brécy upon them, as I have, I think, already commanded. Assess his ransom at two thousand ducats, of which thy part shall be one-half. And now,—I wed in August, and will to Abreuil for a space with my bride. I fear I am but a fool for my pains, but a man must have heirs. Thou wilt take charge of Aumur while I am absent.

"And now—good night." Thibaut held out his hand. Pierre kissed it.

"Good night, my lord," he said.

Howard Ashton.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

(*The End.*)

THE OLDEST OF HORTICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

Members of the R.H.S. may take it for granted that our title refers to their renowned society. Its claim to be the oldest of such associations is generally acknowledged. M. Baltet admits it in his authoritative work upon the subject, though he had heard something of the Confrérie de Ste. Dorothée evidently. In the register of names the Royal Horticultural stands earliest beyond question, for the French Société d'Horticulture, which comes next, founded in 1827, is twenty-three years younger. Certainly it is remarkable that this country should have taken the lead, for the science of gardening was already advanced in Holland, Flanders, France, and part of Germany when it was only recognized here by a few gentlemen who had gained their knowledge on the Continent. Simon Hartlib, Milton's friend, writing in 1649, declares that old men in Surrey still recollected the advent of the first "gar-

deners" established there. They found intense prejudice among the landowners, who believed that spade-work injured the soil. "Even now," Hartlib proceeds, "gardening is scarcely known in the north and west, where a little of it might have saved the lives of many poor people who starved in the last few years"—he is referring to the cultivation of vegetables. The English imported "even plants that grow wild in the hedgerows" because they would not take the trouble to gather them. As for orchards, they had actually gone back of late. The same protest against our national idleness and stupidity had been uttered a hundred years before, and we hear it daily now. Possibly it may have an effect some time. We have learned horticulture at any rate.

But there was a chartered Company of Gardeners at the time Hartlib wrote, with a master, two wardens, twenty-four assistants, a beadle—a gold chain and a collar, no doubt. This fact does not contradict his statement, but it suggests exaggeration. The Gardeners' Company, however, is more mysterious than any of those mysterious bodies. It was founded in 1606 to put a stop to frauds practised by gardeners in the City. The definition seems odd. "City" was used in the strict sense then. And what sort of frauds did the ingenuity of English gardeners contrive at the very beginning of the seventeenth century? Is it possible that the term included green grocers and herbalists?

The first Briton on record, I think, to introduce the scientific gardening of the Continent was a Welshman—William Herbert, of Troy House, Monmouth; the name of his residence, which sounds so modern, would be taken from "a game of Troy," or maze, in the grounds, much appreciated by the neighboring gentry, no doubt. In the reign of Henry VIII. William Herbert sent two young men to study the culture of fruit, flowers and vegetables in France and Flanders; also to forward any plants or trees which they thought worth the cost. Eight years the young men spent abroad, and one died in returning. They had done their work well. The flowers may or may not have been duly appreciated, but the fruit roused enthusiasm. More than a century afterwards Charles I. begs, in a letter extant, for some of the fine pears sent him from Troy House the year before.

But very, very few Englishmen showed such intelligent enterprise as William Herbert. Those who travelled must have remarked the fine gardens abroad, but it seems likely that they thought soil or climate would forbid the imitation of them at home. We read of lovely gardens at Great Tew and other noble houses; but it was loveliness unassisted by art generally. In 1645 Sir Richard Sutton startled the squires of England with his "Discourse upon Husbandrie used in Brabant and Flanders." It is noteworthy that this good man never acknowledged the authorship of this treatise in any way. Modesty does not seem an adequate motive when there is no evidence. Was it because he feared the prejudice of landowners which Hartlib denounced? Sutton Place is in the same county of Surrey. But Sir Richard had good cause to be proud. The article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" declares that his little book marks "the dawn of the vast improvement which has since been effected in England."

It deals with horticulture only in passing; the superiority of the Flemings in matters far more serious called for attention. But Sir Richard assures his readers that it was not less wonderful in gardening than in agriculture; and how wonderful that appeared to an enthusiast is shown in the Foreword addressed to his son: "You shall learn how to do more than treble your princi-

pal in one year's compass, and you shall see how an industrious man in Brabant or Flanders would bring 500 acres of barren and heathy land that is not worth more than 5*l.* a year at most to be worth more than 7000*l.* a year in less time than seven years." There is no reason to think that Sir Richard, or his son, performed such a miracle; scientific agriculturists never make a fortune, as witness Arthur Young and William Cobbett. But he convinced a few of his contemporaries of their own blank ignorance upon the subject, and so in time caused a revolution.

I was well aware of these and many other facts, which proved how greatly the Flemings excelled all Europe, and England especially, in gardening until say, the middle of the eighteenth century. Then our people began to catch them up, though they remained superior long afterwards. But it was almost startling to learn at Bruges, the other day, that an association of amateurs equivalent to the horticultural societies of our time existed there in 1651—founded probably some years earlier, many perhaps. It was called the Confrérie de Ste. Dorothée. At this date the members undertook to adorn the Chapel of the Franc—as we might say, the Guildhall—for the fête of their patroness, February 5. One of them, perhaps the founder, was Antonius van Triest, afterwards Bishop of Bruges, whose garden was so renowned twenty years before that Sanderus the historian thought it worth notice.

Three years later, 1654, a casual document surviving tells a few details about the Confrérie. That season the members numbered twelve, described as Bloemlievend Geesten—literally, "Plant-loving Souls." Four were Churchmen, the Archdeacon of Bruges, a canon of the Cathedral, the pasteur and vicar of Notre-Dame. The burgomaster was an honorary member. A rule decreed that the Confrérie should "dine and enjoy themselves," after hearing Mass at the Franc, and electing a president for the season, on Ste. Dorothée's day.

After an interval of twenty years, in 1674, we have another reference. The dinners had swamped enthusiasm apparently. "A few devotees of horticulture" carried a resolution to reform the society, "because the public had grown indifferent to it." Evidently a revolt. Either some members were requested to resign, or else the number was increased. The reformers chose a new president, the pasteur of Notre-Dame, and, for the first time, a secretary. It would seem that the flower-show—that is, the annual decoration of the altar in the chapel of the Franc—had been discontinued, which explains the "indifference" of the public. That was the only visible sign of the Confrérie's existence apparently. They decided to resume the pious exhibition.

In 1680 the secretary died, and his plants were sold by auction. The catalogue was extant not long ago. It would, or might, have yielded precious evidence of the species known and favored at the time among wealthy amateurs. But the document has vanished; no one took a copy, and all that remains now is an impression that ranunculus, anemone, and various bulbs figured in it.

A long break in the record follows, but we know that the guild was alive and busy, though short of cash perhaps. For in 1701, "to show their zeal and affection for the Confrérie de Ste. Dorothée, the amateurs" of Bruges registered a solemn promise to hand over "the twentieth denier (five per cent.) on all moneys received by them for flowers sold within the town, for the profit of the said Confrérie." There are several points worth note in this resolution. We observe that a trade in flowers was already established at Bruges two centuries ago. It was in

the hands of "amateurs," in part at least—perhaps members of the society are indicated. The limitation of the percentage to sales "in the town" will be observed. Even at that time Bruges had gained a reputation for bay trees, which were in general demand on the Continent; those who have money enough may still buy specimens almost as old as 1700. To avoid interference with this trade perhaps transactions with the foreigner were excepted. The equivocal word "flowers" may have been chosen to cover dealings in plants as well.

At the same time, we learn, the society offered rewards for new plants and improved methods of culture; to this purpose the commission on sales was devoted probably, since the Guild had no income besides the trifling fines mentioned. In 1702 Antonius Verhulst, a member, introduced the potato, and put in his claim for the reward, which was admitted. We may feel surprise that the tuber had not reached Bruges at a much earlier date, if De l'Ecluse, the Viennese botanist, wrote in 1588 that it was so common in Italy as to be food for pigs. Then, as now, Belgium swarmed with priests, who should have been familiar with a vegetable so well known across the Alps. But it is more than likely that De l'Ecluse made a mistake; possible even that De Candolle, from whom I take the statement, misunderstood his letter. At any rate the people of Bruges could not be induced to eat potatoes. Poor Verhulst had to content himself with the reward. No one would buy his tubers, though offered in open market at a nominal price. A similar prejudice ruled elsewhere. Our Puritan forefathers rejected them because there is no reference to potatoes in the Bible—so says Lord Morley. On the eve of the French Revolution Turgot could not persuade the starving people of the Limousin to try them; they thought an epidemic of leprosy would follow. In the end, Verhulst distributed his stock among the few person who would accept such a dubious boon.

For all its good works the society languished once more. The list of members suggests a reason. Nearly all saving the clerics belonged to the rich bourgeosie, a class famed for love of banqueting everywhere, especially perhaps in Flanders. And meetings always ended with a feast. At any rate, the energetic minority proposed and carried another reconstruction in 1719. The name was changed. Saints had begun to lose something of their prestige, and thé remodelled Confrérie took Flora for its patroness instead of Dorothea. Improved rules made it more business-like. Doubtless the members still attended service on St. Dorothea's Day, but the obligation was omitted. They had only to assemble at the Franc on February 5, with a significant addition, "zekeren luister," which means "in state"—full dress and carriage—to visit one another's gardens in turn. Curious regulations follow. If in any garden the show of flowers did not come up to the mark the owner was fined a shilling. When we recall that the day was February 5, it must be assumed that every member had a forcing-pit and a conservatory to keep the blooms when open; for how many plants are in flower out of doors even now on February 5? But the conclusion is surprising. Of course it was Dutchmen, or Flemings, who invented glasshouses and discovered the art of forcing; that is, in modern times, for Roman gardeners must have been familiar with it when they bloomed roses at Christmas; and they learned from the Egyptians probably, if the report of Athenæus may be trusted. Philip Miller's book assures us that forcing was known even in England in his time. But Lady Mary Wortley Montagu must have been familiar from

childhood with the greatest houses here, and the astonishment she expressed in 1716, when, dining with the King at Hanover, she was offered fruit out of season, shows how rare the process must have been. "I am surprised we do not practise such a useful innovation in England," Lady Mary wrote. But clergymen, merchants, and tradesmen in Bruges seem to have regarded it as a thing of course.

An odd rule authorized a member to demand that any plant in a colleague's garden which struck his fancy during the inspection should be put up to auction then and there, and sold to the highest bidder. Probably this has some bearing on another rule, more extraordinary still. "A member who keeps any flower after two yearly visits of the Confrérie shall pay a fine of two escallings." No explanation is forthcoming.

Up to this time members had not been asked for a subscription. But in 1709 twenty penninges were demanded; three years later, five schellingen—2.70 francs. Doubtless that sum represented twice its value now, but for men who could make a good show of flowers on February 5 it seems rather absurd. The reluctance of Belgians to part with their cash is an hereditary characteristic. Moreover, half the subscription became due in winter, half in summer.

From this date till 1803 the records are lost, which may be taken to signify that the Confrérie declined again gradually—in zeal, if not in numbers—and for the old cause—its feasts attracted men little interested in horticulture. It may have been a superstitious hope of restoring the good old time which led members to dismiss the heathen Flora and return to the cult of Dorothea in 1803; but they dropped the "Saint" and the French title, calling themselves Confraters van Dorothea. There is a hint of political changes in each case. So the abandonment of the altar of the Franc for a "stage" in the Magdalen Chapel of St. Catherine's church has its significance probably. Henceforward every member had to exhibit four plants, "decorative" perhaps, or four in flower, each in its own pot, on February 5, paying 1½*d.* for every one short of this number. Kind fortune has preserved a catalogue of the show in 1804. The lots were 189: to wit, 159 bulbs (hyacinths, narcissus, and crocus), six iris, five China roses, nine hepaticas, two cyclamens, one daphne, two jasmines, one auricula, one soldanella, two solanums, two laurustinus, five urticas—all without specific names. Also a cactus, a thaulus (? trollius) and a muguetboom (? lily of the valley).

Next year occurs the first suggestion of prizes—a silver medal offered by the president for the best ranunculus. It was not awarded. Then the vice-president gave a silver medal for the best plant forced and the best grown tulip. Catalogues are extant from 1806.

But it was not to be supposed that in a land so devout the omission of Dorothea's claim to sanctity would be accepted without protest. The malcontents did not secede, but they started an exhibition of their own in the church of St. Sauveur. Therefore the majority resolved, as a compromise, that the name should be changed once more. Bruggsche Maatschappij van Flora was chosen; the badge, representing a rose, is highly valued at the present day.

We have reached and passed the date when our own Royal Horticultural Society was launched, a hundred and sixty years at least after its Flemish rival. But the latter has gone under five names, if not more. For in 1828 it became the Société Provinciale d'Horticulture et Botanique de la Flandre Occidentale—a title to conjure with, surely. Nevertheless, only four members remained in 1858. At length, one

might say, the ancient Confrérie was doomed. But the announcement of the danger saved it. The amateurs of Bruges, a host, hurried to the rescue, and started it afresh, as the Société Royale d'Horticulture et Arboriculture. Under that renowned appellation it flourishes like one of its own bay trees, after two centuries and a half of the varied fortune I have sketched.

The Cornhill Magazine. *Frederick Boyle.*

CALVIN.

By the Dean of Ripon.

To-morrow the City of Geneva will celebrate the 400th anniversary of the birth of Calvin, the founder of its constitution, ecclesiastical and civil, the man who made its name a power throughout the civilized world. It will call upon all who sympathize with the Reformation to join in honoring his memory. A monument is to be placed against the remaining portion of the old city walls, with statues of Calvin and the principal reformers, facing a fine promenade. On Sunday there will be special services, and on the following days receptions and expeditions on the lake, the whole centring round the laying of the first stone of the monument on Tuesday, and a commemorative visit to the University founded as a college by Calvin. Deputations have been sent from all parts of the world, that from England having been organized by a committee presided over by the Dean of Canterbury. But, though the size and composition of this Committee, which includes bishops and representatives of the various churches and members of both houses of Parliament, prove that there are many eminent men amongst us by whom the memory of the Reformer is honored, yet Calvin is not, we imagine, appreciated by us as regards the most important and enduring parts of his work. He is known to most men either simply in connection with the doctrine which bears his name, and which is taken abstractedly and in its harshest sense, apart from its historical position, or else as the author of the prosecution of Servetus, the eminent physicist, which led to his condemnation as an Arian and to his death by burning. It may be as well, therefore, to touch at once upon these two points.

No one would, at the present day, seek to justify the burning of heretics; but in the 15th and 16th centuries it was not only the established custom, as the English Statute *De Hæretico Comburendo* shows, but an Act of Faith, as it was called in Spain. Calvin, who was bound by law, as the head of the Company of Pastors, to bring before the magistrates of Geneva a man who had already been condemned in France, pleaded before judges who had less inclination to leniency, and could not even prevail on them to substitute decapitation for burning. It would be useless to deny Calvin's complicity; but the strange thing is that, while in the case of other great men such things as this are overlooked, this one act of Calvin's has been allowed to besmirch his whole character. No one remembers against Sir Thomas More that he brought heretics without number to their doom, or thinks of Cranmer as writing of Frith, on whom he had sat in judgment, and who was condemned merely on the question of Transubstantiation, that "he would go in a few days to the fire." Surely in Calvin's case we may blame the age rather than the man: the time of toleration was not yet.

But those who are now honoring Calvin have honored Servetus also, and have set up an expiatory monument on the place where he was burned.

It may be said truly that this act followed naturally from the extreme manner in which Calvin asserted the doctrine of Predestination. But here also he should be judged as we judge of St. Augustin, whose influence is largely responsible for these extreme views: and, what is more important, we must consider what gave so much importance to the doctrine of the Divine Sovereignty at the time of the Reformation. The Reformers were engaged in a life-and-death struggle against such things as indulgence and the worship of relics and of saints. For resisting these Huss had been burned and Luther banned. Here, they said, are inventions of men, by which the Christian conscience has been perverted, but which are enforced as necessary truth. We demand, they said, that "the whole of this rubbish should be carted away," and that there should be a return to the teaching of the New Testament: neither the Pope nor any other human power can we obey: God, not man, must be supreme. This great conviction was the strength of their position. It is true that, when translated into predestination, the doctrine was urged to the point of extravagance, though hardly further than it had been urged by St. Augustin, and that the idea of Reprobation, at which Calvin himself stood aghast, and spoke of it as a *Decretum horribile* (meaning, however, an awful, not horrible, decree) is a monstrous one, although the reformed churches in Holland, Scotland, and America have only of late years struggled out of it. It is true also that the more modified form of Predestination —that of Election—was misunderstood, being taken as a blessing to the person elected instead of as a call, as St. Paul expressed it, "to be conformed to the image of the Son"—that is, a call to pre-eminence in work and in suffering for the good of mankind. But the consciousness of God's Sovereignty has always been a fortifying power to those who have received it. Look at Coligny in France, or Maurice in the Netherlands, or the best of the Puritans in England, or Jonathan Edwards in America, and you will feel that Calvinism has been the parent of strong men.

And Calvin himself was emphatically a strong man, strong through the wisdom and courage which result from faith and righteousness. Renan said of him that he was the most Christian man of his generation. Hooker, while opposing some of the deductions of the Puritans from his system, says: "For my part, I think him incomparably the wisest man that ever the French Church hath enjoyed since she enjoyed him." He found Geneva a small, weak commonwealth, which had just freed itself from the power of a Prince Bishop and had embraced the Reformation, but turbulent, fickle, and corrupt. He left it, at his death, after little more than twenty years' work, a well-ordered city, with institutions which lasted almost down to the present time, and described by those who visited it as a City of God.

The centre of all his authority was the enforcement of Christian morality, and his weapon of discipline was excommunication. He would rather die than admit evil livers to the Communion. This was resented at first, and Geneva, with its party of Libertines, was in the condition of Florence when Savonarola was opposed by the Arrabbiati. Calvin was exiled to Strasburg; but, after two years, he was entreated to return to Geneva, and he returned to reign. He settled the constitution, with its Greater and Lesser Council and its governing Cab-

inet, but at their side he placed the Consistory and the Company of Pastors, who had a right to be heard when any law was proposed. He divided the City into districts for the care of the poor, under voluntary Hospitallers, and made provision for the instruction of all the citizens in religious knowledge. And all this was done under the sanction of religion. No one could be a citizen without giving his assent to the doctrines of the Catechism which Calvin had prepared at the beginning of his work. This Catechism is, like that of the Church of England, a simple exposition of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Decalogue, and the Sacraments. There is no "Calvinism" in it, although when it was composed Calvin had already published his great theological work, the Institutes. To this demand for Christian conformity Rousseau submitted when he claimed his citizenship in 1754, and he defends it by saying that the confession of faith is the expression of the universal Gospel.

The activity of Calvin in every part of his work was extraordinary. He was a most diligent pastor: he preached and lectured assiduously. The Commentaries on almost the whole of the Bible, which he at times labored at all through the night, are far in advance of those of his time; indeed, of almost all until the modern critical era: they are human, direct, practical. Compare, for instance, his treatment of the "Servant of the Lord" in the seond part of Isaiah with that given in the "Speaker's Commentary" as late as 1875, and you can hardly doubt that the superiority rests with Calvin.

There can be no doubt that Calvin's character was austere and inflexible; but there seems to have been nothing morose about it. He inspired affection as well as respect, and at times he showed a touching humility, as when, in a time of controversy with Luther, he exchanged greetings with his great antagonist, and said that, even if Luther should call him a devil, he would never cease from owning him as a true servant of God. He was fond of society, so far as his work allowed time for it: he had been known in his early days for his wit and vivacity, and in later years he would play quoits and bowls: nor did he join in the wholesale condemnation of the theatre by some of his brother ministers.

His immense influence also was used on the whole in the cause of moderation, as may be seen in his dealings with England if we contrast them with the demands of the Puritans in the next generation. Though a Presbyterian, he refused to condemn the Episcopal system in England—each church, he held, must settle its own government. His advice was given in favor of the alterations made by the second Prayer Book of Edward VI.; but, when the exiles at Frankfort during the reign of Queen Mary consulted him as to attempts to go further, he recommended them to desist: the things they wished to expunge, he said, might be foolish, but they could be accepted—they were "*tolerabiles inceptiæ*." He would not even condemn the use of wafer-bread in the Sacrament where the people were attached to it. He constantly refers to the works of the Fathers, and even of the Schoolmen he speaks in gentler terms than those used by Bacon—they were trying, he said, to reason out their faith. His letters to sovereigns and other leading persons were received with great respect, especially those to our Edward VI. and Elizabeth; even so moderate a man as Archbishop Parker entreated him to write frequently to the Queen.

In other Protestant countries Calvin was a power of the first magnitude.

and Geneva became under him the model of a Christian community, a centre of light, and a city of refuge for the persecuted. Its Constitution stood firm amidst all the storms of the next generation, though constantly endangered by the attempts of the Duke of Savoy—attempts which only ended on the memorable night ("The Long Night" of Stanley Weyman's novel) in 1605, when the escalade was frustrated. The power of Calvin did not die with him, but produced the marvel of a little Republic living and making itself felt during the troubles of four agitated centuries: nor would it be possible to find a community of a similar size during all those centuries which has added so much to human progress. We may well join our English voices to those of the whole Protestant world in celebrating the 400th anniversary of the birth of the great teacher and statesman of Geneva.

The Nation.

PRINCE BULOW AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

Time brings its revenges, and perhaps brings them to the assistance of the heads of political autocracies sooner than to that of other people. It is impossible not to compare the visit of Prince Bülow to Kiel last week with his visit to Potsdam last November. Both visits were to see the Emperor on the most urgent affairs of State. At Potsdam the Chancellor was armed with the indignation of the whole people aroused by the Emperor's embarrassing "interview" in the *Daily Telegraph*, and he went there with no less a purpose than to deliver a plain lecture to his master, and to require as a condition of his own continuance in public service that the Emperor should not be so indiscreet in future. At Kiel last week Prince Bülow went rather as a suppliant, not, indeed, to beg to be kept in office (for it is possible that he is not disinclined to retire, and he actually travelled to Kiel to offer his resignation), but to explain his defeat at the hands of the Conservative and Centre combination, and to solicit instructions for the future. Within eight months the situation has thus been inverted; the Emperor, so far from accepting conditions for enjoying Prince Bülow's continued services, agrees with him that his resignation is necessary, and indeed inevitable. Prince Bülow is to remain Chancellor only until certain reforms have been introduced into the Imperial finances. His resignation is none the less "irrevocable"; it is only antedated. The *Neue Freie Presse* sagaciously remarks that the Royal disfavor is soon reflected in the affairs of the Reichstag. It is quite true. Ever since Prince Bülow "stood up" to the Emperor last November the talisman which turned so many of his political undertakings into successes seems to have left his keeping. The *Bloc* crumbled away under his hand, and the unexpected combination of Conservatives and the Clerical Centre came into being to resist the Government proposals for financial reform. Our sympathies in the financial question are largely with Prince Bülow. Germany cannot spend money on a great Navy and run up a vast and continually increasing National Debt without having recourse to an Inheritance-tax. The *Junkers* have a native horror of such a tax—to their minds it is like laying hands on the Ark of the Covenant—and they and their allies have flouted Prince Bülow ever since

the proposal was made, although in its latest form it is the most gently applied tax conceivable. Will Prince Bülow, in his temporary tenure of the Chancellorship, be able to draw some sort of order out of the chaos, and carry a scheme of Imperial taxation which is free from such preposterous burdens on commerce and industry as are recommended by the triumphant majority in the Reichstag? We think it is probable that he will do so. We must not forget that a defeat of the Government in the Reichstag is quite unlike a Ministerial defeat in the British House of Commons. The Chancellor, after a consultation with the Emperor, comes back with powers of compromise, and the dispute is generally settled. His return with a new mandate from the Emperor is like the return of a new party to power in Britain. He is not dependent on a party which lives by votes alone; if he cannot get help from one quarter of the Reichstag, he will joyfully accept it from another.

But the prospect—as we see it—that Prince Bülow will probably succeed in his temporary mission makes the ending of his power the more notable. It will be said that there is a sign of democratic development in the fact that Prince Bülow is the first German Chancellor who has expressly retired in the face of an adverse Parliamentary vote. We read the signs differently. We fancy that the Emperor is willing to have Prince Bülow's career brought to an end in spite of the handle that is being given to the democratic politicians of whom he disapproves. The handle can easily be taken away later. The Emperor, we may say without offence, is at once human enough and Imperial enough to remember Prince Bülow's words of last November:—"The knowledge that the publication of his conversations has not produced the effect which the Emperor intended in England, and has provoked deep excitement and painful regret in our own country, will—and this is a firm conviction which I have gained during these days of stress—induce the Emperor in future to observe that reserve, even in private conversations, which is equally indispensable in the interest of a uniform policy and for the authority of the Crown. Were that not so, neither I nor any successor of mine could assume the responsibility." In Germany Radicals and Socialists spoke of November 10th, when that announcement was made, as a sort of "Day of the Bastille,"—the beginning of a new Constitutional epoch. We could not feel so sanguine. "Depend upon it," we wrote, "the personal régime has not said its last word." The personal régime at this very moment is uppermost. And it has a great opportunity. The Conservatives and Clericals will not be at all anxious to "rub in" the lesson that Prince Bülow has been forced to retire by a Parliamentary vote, and therefore this powerful majority may be expected to smooth matters over with him, as we have already guessed, and having done that to let him go. The Emperor will then have got the new taxes he requires, and, with a Conservative temper entirely favorable to the personal régime ruling the Reichstag, he will be free to look about for a new Chancellor after his own heart. Thus the Emperor will score all along the line, and the inverted situation of to-day will be confirmed. We are not so foolish as to suppose that the democratic advance will be checked permanently, but for the moment we cannot help perceiving a very distinct swing back in the other direction. The political autocracy, or autocratic bureaucracy, remains, and a change will have to be a very much slower growth than German enthusiasts supposed last November.

We regret the fall of Prince Bülow, because he is so far from being a *Junker*, or a statesman rigidly Prussian in thought, that he is the kind of man who might possibly guide successfully the beginnings of a Constitutional development. A very different man would be required later, we know, but Prince Bülow might have spent many useful years in more or less undesignedly preparing the way for that genuine Parliamentary government which is the only conceivable goal for a Teutonic people. There was a very acute analysis of his character in the *Neue Freie Presse* of Tuesday which will be recognized as true by all who have followed his career as Chancellor. Prince Bülow, it says, is "interesting." That word expresses all his limitations. There is nothing monumental about him such as must be symbolized in statuary. He will never be represented with the club of Hercules. He is an extraordinarily skilful diplomatist, and a Parliamentarian without match in Germany. He is "German" and "European" rather than "Prussian," and yet he has done hardly anything for the powerless middle classes against the nobility. Were he a man of torrential democratic feeling or any vindictiveness, he might even now ride the whirlwind of the German middle classes. But we all know that Prince Bülow will not do that. When he disappears he will simply leave behind him the memory of a man who followed Bismarck in ideas, while changing the Bismarckian touch beyond recognition by his own unalterable habit of urbanity, amiability, and soothing humor.

The Spectator.

A LITERARY LIGHT.

Annesley Bupp was born one of the Bupps of Hampshire—the Fighting Bupps, as they were called. A sudden death in the family left him destitute at the early age of thirty, and he decided to take seriously to journalism for a living. That was eight years ago. He is now a member of the Authors' Club; a popular after-dinner speaker in reply to the toast of Literature; and one of the best-paid writers in Fleet Street. *Who's Who* tells the world that he has a flat at Knightsbridge and a cottage on the river. If you ask him to what he owes his success he will assure you, with the conscious modesty of all great men, that he has been lucky; pressed further, that Hard Work and Method have been his watchwords. But to the young aspirant he adds that of course if you have it in you it is bound to come out.

When Annesley started journalism he realized at once that it was necessary for him to specialize in some subject. Of such subjects two occurred to him—"George Herbert" and "Trams." For a time he hesitated, and it was only the sudden publication of a brief but authoritative life of the poet which led him finally to the study of one of the least explored of our transit systems. Meanwhile he had to support himself. For this purpose he bought a roll-top desk, a type-writer, and an almanac; he placed the almanac on top of the desk, seated himself at the type-writer, and began.

It was the month of February; the almanac told him that it wanted a week to Shrove Tuesday. In four days he had written as many articles, entitled respectively *Shrovetide Customs*, *The Pancake*, *Lenten Observances*, and *Tuesdays Known to Fame*. The

Pancake, giving as it did the context of every reference in literature to pancakes, was the most scholarly of the four; the Tuesday article, which hazarded the opinion that Rome may at least have been begun on a Tuesday, the most daring. But all of them were published.

This early success showed Annesley the possibilities of the topical article; it led him also to construct a revised calendar for his own use. In the "Bupp Almanac" the events of the day were put back a fortnight; so that, if the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude fell upon the 17th, Annesley's attention was called to it upon the 3rd, and upon the 3rd he surveyed the *Famous Partnerships* of the epoch. Similarly, *The Origin of Lord Mayor's Day* was put in hand on October 26th.

He did not, however, only glorify the past; current events claimed their meed of copy. In the days of his dependence Annesley had travelled, so that he could well provide the local color for such sketches as *Kimberley as I Knew It* (1901) and *Birmingham by Moonlight* (1903). His Recollections of St. Peter's at Rome were hazy, yet sufficient to furnish an article with that title at the time of the Coronation. But I must confess that *Dashes for the Pole* came entirely from his invaluable Encyclopædia. . . .

Annesley Bupp had devoted himself to literature for two years before his first article on trams was written. This was called *Voltage*, was highly technical, and convinced every editor to whom it was sent (and by whom it was returned) that the author knew his subject thoroughly. So when he followed it up with *How to be a Tram Conductor*, he had the satisfaction not only of seeing it in print within a week, but of reading an editorial reference to himself as "the noted expert on our overhead system." Two other articles in the same paper—*Some Curious Tram Accidents* and *Tram or Bus: Which?*—established his position.

Once recognized as the authority on trams, Bupp was never at a loss for a subject. In the first place there were certain articles, such as *Tramways in 1904*, *Progress of Tramway Construction in the Past Year*, *Tramway Inventions of the Last Twelvemonth*, and *The Tram: Its Future in 1905*, which flowed annually from his pen. From time to time there would arise the occasion for the topical article on trams—*Trams as Army Transports* and *How our Trams fared during the Recent Snow*, to give two obvious examples. And always there was a market for such staple articles as *Trams in Fiction*. . . .

You will understand, then, that by the end of 1906 Annesley Bupp had a reputation; to be exact, he had two reputations. In Fleet Street he was known as a writer upon whom a subeditor could depend; a furnisher of what got to be called "Buppy"—matter which is paid at a slightly higher rate than ordinary copy, because the length and quality of it never vary. Outside Fleet Street he was regarded simply as a literary light; Annesley Bupp, the fellow whose name you saw in every paper; an accepted author.

It was not surprising, therefore, that at the beginning of 1907 public opinion forced Annesley into newer fields of literature. It demanded from him, among other things, a weekly review of current fiction entitled *Fireside Friends*. He wrote this with extraordinary fluency; a few words of introduction, followed by a large fragment of the book before him, pasted beneath the line, "Take this, for instance." An opinion of any kind he rarely ventured; an adverse opinion, like a good friend, never.

About this time, he was commissioned to write three paragraphs each day for an evening paper. The first

of them always began: "*Mr. Asquith's* admission in the House of Commons yesterday that he had never done so and so is not without parallel. In 1746 the elder *Pitt* . . ." The second always began: "Mention of the elder *Pitt* recalls the fact that . . ." The third always began: "It may not be generally known . . ."

Until he began to write these paragraphs Annesley Bupp had no definite political views.

Annesley Bupp is now (May 1909) at the zenith of his fame. The "Buppy" of old days he still writes occasionally, but he no longer signs it in full. A modest "A. B." in the corner, supposed by the ignorant to stand for "*Arthur Balfour*," is the only evidence of the author. (I say "the only evidence," for he has had, like all great men, his countless imitators.) Trams also he deserted with the publication of his great work on the subject—*Tramiana*. But as a writer on Literature and Old London he has a European reputation and his recent book, *In the Track of Shakespeare: A Record of a Visit to Stratford-on-Avon*, created no little stir.

He is in great request at public dinners, where his speech in reply to the toast of Literature is eagerly attended.

He contributes to every symposium in the popular magazines.

It is all the more to be regretted that his autobiography, *The Last of the Bupps*, is to be published posthumously.

A. A. M.

Punch.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

It is curious to notice how certain species of British plants love to frequent the vicinity of roads. They seem to prefer the grassy wastes and mossy banks, the hedgerows and ditches that border our lanes and thoroughfares to more sequestered localities. Even in these days of scientific road-making, when the highways are under the control of county councils, and waysides and hedges are kept in trim and orderly condition, it is remarkable how many interesting wild flowers continue to blossom by the roadside.

There must have been still more of them before the wide stretches of greensward and rough herbage contiguous to the public roads were taken in and brought under cultivation. In Chaucer's days, when in "the moneth of May" the pious folk followed the pilgrims' way to Canterbury,

The holy blisful marter for to seeke,

what a wealth of wild flowers must have met their gaze! In later ages, we know from Pepys' Diary and other contemporary documents, the high roads often ran for many miles together through unenclosed country, and that what is now an endless succession of fields and meadows and homesteads was then rough moorland and swampy fen. We have, too, the records of several of our early botanists, and it is a fascinating task to follow in the footsteps of Gerarde and Ray, of Johnson and Goodyer and Turner, as they travelled on horseback in search of simples along the high roads and through the bye-ways of the country. A perusal of their writings, dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, reveals the abundance of rare and interesting species which then flowered beside the public thoroughfares.

Old Master Gerarde, that excellent "Master in Chirurgerie" and "chief

Herbalist" to James I., the owner likewise at Holborn of one of the finest physic-gardens in England, where he cultivated "near eleven hundred sorts of plants," spent much time in thus moving about the country. The county of Essex was well known to him, and as he rode along "the Colchester highway from Londonward between Esterford"—now known as Kelvedon—"and Wittam," he noticed "by the wayes side" the small green leaved Hounds tongue, a rare and choice plant "against the biting of dogs." The Lesser Teasell or Shepheards-rod he found growing beside the highway "leading from Braintree to Henningham castle in Essex, and not in any other place except here and there a plant upon the highway from Much-Dunmow to London." John Ray, too, was accustomed to make what he calls "Itineraries" in search of rare plants, and the records of several of these expeditions have fortunately been preserved. He frequently mentions choice plants as growing by the highway. The Maiden Pink he noticed "by the Roadsides on the sandy Hill you ascend going from Lenton to Nottingham, plentifully;" and the "Least Hares-ear on a bank by the Northern Road a little beyond Huntingdon." The very rare Lizard orchis he found growing on the right-hand side of the "great Highway going to a village called Grimsteed-Green from Dartford in Kent." In his Welsh Itinerary he noticed the Cambrian poppy "by the wayside near the upper end of Llanberis pool." Passing from Cornwall into Devon "on the hill which you ascend, after you are come over the passage to go to Plymouth," the exceedingly rare Eryngium campestre was growing in plenty. "I do not remember," he adds, "to have seen it anywhere else in England." It is interesting to know that the plant was flourishing on the very same spot last summer. Numberless other instances might be quoted. The Dwale or Deadly Nightshade was growing "in a ditch by the highway side near Alton in Hampshire" when Dr. Robert Turner passed along the road about the year 1660; and shortly before that date Mr. John Goodyer, a famous botanist, saw enough maidenhair spleenwort growing on the banks of the road "between Rake and Headley neere Wollmer Forest," to "lode an horse therewith"; and as he passed an inclosure "on the right hand side of the way as you go from Droxford to Popple hill in Hampshire" he noticed "the Bastard Tode-flax flowring abundantly."

These wide stretches of turf beside the public roads on which the gipsies were wont to encamp, remained untouched until comparatively modern times. In his "Lovers' Journey," our poet-botanist, George Crabbe, describes the road, beside which he found many interesting plants, which lay between Aldeburgh and Beccles. First "O'er a barren heath beside the coast," it ran; then "through lanes of burning sand," where the dark poppy flourished on the dry and sterile soil; across "common pasture wild and wide," past "scatter'd hovels on the barren green," over the "high-raised dam, with level fen on either side," where "a grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom," beside "the rushy moor where the rare moss in secret shade is found." At length the country again becomes enclosed, and "See!" he says:

The wholesome wormwood grows beside the way,
Where dew-press'd yet the dog-rose bends the spray;
Fresh herbs the fields, fair shrubs the banks adorn,
And snow-white bloom falls flaky from the thorn;
No fostering hand they need, no sheltering wall;
They spring uncultured, and they bloom for all.

The condition of the countryside has doubtless greatly changed since George Crabbe wrote his famous "Tales." Still, in spite of the Commons Inclosure Act of 1845 and the consequent reclaiming of countless miles of roadside wastes, and the stubbing up of banks and hedgerows, many beautiful plants continue to flourish by the highway. Now, as in the sixteenth century, the wild clematis, named by Gerarde the Travellers-Joy because of its habit of "decking and adorning wales and hedges where people travel," gladdens the eyes with its fine white tufts of feathered seed-vessels which have earned for the plant its popular name of old-man's-beard. In the month of June the brambles are in flower along the tangled hedgerows, and the lovely dog-roses, and the fragrant honeysuckle. Many of our native shrubs, too, blossom on the banks by the wayside—the dogwood, the spindle-tree, the privet, the buckthorn; and, sweetest of all, the may.

In the chalky districts of Hampshire there is no more characteristic plant along the roadsides than the Dark Mullein, a tall and handsome species with long, crowded spikes of bright yellow flowers, the stamens of which are covered with purple hairs. Sometimes, in company with the Dark Mullein, a few plants of the Wild Chicory with its large delicate sky-blue flowers will be seen, but not often, for it is a rare plant in Hampshire. In other counties, however, it is more frequently met with. We once noticed it, in remarkable abundance, gracing the roadside near Medmenham, in Bucks, not far from the site of the old abbey, formerly a convent of Cistercian monks; and we know it well in West Cornwall. The Shepheards-rod of the old herbalist, "the knobbed heads of which are no bigger than a nutmeg," though but seldom seen in Hampshire, has yet managed to maintain its position in several places by the roadside for a long series of years. On the London road to Gosport, between the villages of Chawton and Farringdon, the tall and stately plant presents a dignified appearance in the thick hedgerow that borders the thoroughfare. In a similar situation, a few miles further on, a large patch of the scarce soapwort makes a fine show with its handsome flesh-colored flowers. Another rare Hampshire species, the Spreading Campanula, marked by its loose panicles of cup-shaped flowers of a light purple hue, still flourishes on a steep bank beside the high road on the very spot where it was first noticed by a distinguished botanist, who afterwards became Dean of Winchester, nearly a century ago.

In the West of England several choice plants, strange to the eye of an East Anglian, may sometimes be seen on the roadsides. In the neighborhood of Dartmouth the lovely Green Alkanet, with broad, ovate leaves, and exquisite flowers of a rich azure blue, is not uncommon. It is so striking a flower that the most unobservant traveller could hardly fail to notice it. We have also met with it on the hedge banks around Saltash, where the Wild or Bastard Balm is also found. This latter plant, though less beautiful, is even more conspicuous than the Green Alkanet, and its large creamy-white flowers blotched with pink or purple have a handsome appearance against the dark herbage of the hedgerow. In several localities in the district we noticed the Bastard Balm, among others "on a woody bank by a comb to the south of Saltash," perhaps the very spot where John Ray "first found it growing in great plenty on July 5th, 1662."

On the other hand, the eastern counties can show wayside flowers which are unknown in the West. The very rare Lesser Green-leaved Hound's-

tongue found by John Ray "in London Road near Witham, but more plentifully about Braxted by the way-sides" has never travelled as far as Devon or Cornwall. In parts of Essex, especially in the north of the county, about Saffron Walden and Finchingfield, a striking clover peculiar to a few of the eastern counties will often be noticed on the wastes that border the roads. It is known as the Sulphur-colored clover, and its large heads of dull yellow flowers can hardly escape observation. John Ray mentions it as growing on the roadsides about Cherry Hinton in Cambridgeshire, and it is also to be seen, together with the Lesser Calamint, by his old home at Black Notley in Essex. The Lesser Calamint, is an attractive aromatic plant with light purple flowers, and in late summer and autumn it is one of the most characteristic of Essex wayside plants. As one travels in August along the high road near Thorpe-le-Soken, in the vicinity of Walton-on-the Naze, a tall plant with large umbels of yellow flowers may be seen flourishing on the sides of the ditch that divides the roadway from the marshes beyond. For a space of some twenty or thirty yards it has taken possession of the wayside. Its interest lies, not merely in its great rarity—it only grows in one or two localities in England—but still more in the fact that it was growing on the same spot, and that spot within a few feet of the high road, as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Gerarde found it there, and speaks of it as Suphurwort, for "the roots thereof, as big as a man's thigh, are full of yellow sap or liquor, smelling not much unlike brimstone called sulphur, which hath induced some to call it Suphurwort." It was afterwards noticed by the great Essex naturalist, John Ray, and there it was last summer in conspicuous abundance "by the high-way side."

The Saturday Review.

A MOUTH OF BRASS.

It has been possible in old days for patriots and poets to speak of their country with a certain dignity and reserved, though proud, affection. It has been possible, even when the country was at the height of wealth and dominion, and very easily possible when she stood in peril either of oppression from without or of internal ruin through her own errors and perversion. We need hardly recall the noble utterances of patriotism from the psalms in Zion's praise ("When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion," "My feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!" "By the waters of Babylon," and so many other immortal verses)—from these outbursts of Zion's praise right down the course of nations to John of Gaunt's lines on England, and Ireland's "Dark Rosaleen," and the odes to France. Patriotic utterances are probably the most familiar passages in all literature.

It would be hard to decide what to choose as the greatest embodiment of the praise of country, but many would turn to Virgil when, like a farmer coming from his vines and bees, and beholding far-off the towers of a lofty city, with rivers sliding under its ancient walls, he, too, is stirred to devotion before the greatness of Rome, that revelation of divine accomplishment, that fairest sight the world contained. But nobler, perhaps, even than the spirit of reverence and trust pervading Virgil's aspect of Rome was the ac-

count of his country's greatness given, not by a poet, but by the Athenian statesman. One remembers how in that model of restrained and accurate eloquence, Pericles spoke of the beauty and elegance of Athenian life, the splendor of the public holidays, the peculiar freedom of intercourse in which no one scowled or looked back at his neighbor, the open-hearted tolerance for all foreigners, and the sympathy with the poor, whom no one despised, though, to be sure, if a man could save himself from poverty, so much the better. And then the speaker dwelt upon his countrymen's freedom from barracks and all the boredom of mechanical and compulsory exercises, and showed how they made up for the absence of drill-sergeant discipline by retaining their quickness and versatility of body and mind, so that, in whatever situation an Athenian was placed, he could always give a good account of himself. In a word, he said, the whole country, following beauty without extravagance, and knowledge without effeminacy, had become, as it were, a liberal education for the rest of Greece.

It was an Imperial State of which he was speaking. He himself had expanded her Empire, and firmly drawn its limits. Yet it was not on the glories of arms and conquest and Imperial power that he insisted, but on his country's daily freedom, her sunny tolerance, and her way of submitting everything to open discussion, in the confidence that the heart and brain of her people would go right on the whole. Such an ideal of ordinary life and freedom of government, no matter how short-lived, was the finest inheritance that even Athens, with all her sculpture, drama, and eloquence, has left the world; and, without undue boasting, we should have hoped that among succeeding nations our own country had come as near as any to fulfilling it. To be sure, our people do not follow knowledge, and our County Councils do not follow beauty, but still the country has some touch of that personal freedom, that versatility of mind and body, that sunny tolerance, and a readiness to submit everything to public discussion. We had rather prided ourselves on these qualities, and hoped they were admirable or even advantageous.

But now, bald and inharmonious as a Spartan invasion, up comes Mr. Kipling with his "City of Brass" in last Monday's "Morning Post," and pours contempt on all our pride. Exultant with savage joy, almost as though he were the Barbarian himself, he foretells the speedy destruction of our land and Empire. We are not here concerned with the particular means of our approaching ruin. That Sign out of the Sea, that Terror out of the Heaven—we know all about the German sea-serpent with ten 12-inch mouths vomiting fire and the Terror that flieth by night over the Norfolk Broads. But the causes of our impending overthrow are interesting, because they are just the things on which in our hearts we rather flattered ourselves, thinking we deserved something of the eulogy of Pericles.

When Mr. Kipling affects the prophet, no one can ever be quite sure what he means; but, with some hesitation, we take it that he traces the ruin of our country to our tolerance in daily life, our pleasure in public festivals, our objection to drill-sergeant discipline, our love of personal freedom, our belief in the general heart and brain of our people, and our desire to believe in the same powers of self-government in others. To show that our doubts as to the exact meaning are well founded, let us recall a few typical lines from the effusion:—

> As for their kinsmen far off, on the skirts of the nation,

They harried all earth to make sure
none escaped reprobation,
They awakened unrest for a jest, in
their newly-won borders,
And jeered at the blood of their breth-
ren betrayed by their orders,
They instructed the ruled to rebel, the
ruler to aid them;
And since such as obeyed them not
fell, their Viceroys obeyed them.

To the second line we can attach no meaning whatever, but we hope there is one that escapes us. The third and fourth lines appear to contain a shameless misrepresentation of the South Africans; the fifth and sixth, almost beyond question, contain a libel on Lord Minto. And so, through seven indefinite stanzas, the thing goes on—an obscure and unmusical outpouring of jargon, directed against this country, and especially against those particular qualities of freedom and tolerance and kindliness which we believe to be our country's noblest distinctions in history.

But worse than the obscurity and the hideous style, worse even than the attack upon England's highest ideals of life, is the temper of the attack. We know the mood of the poet who loves his country with a passion far beyond the common patriot's, and whose heart is torn with indignation at the sight of her errors, at his knowledge that she is departing from the great conception of her which his mind has formed. We know the proud scorn of Dante, and Milton's sorrow refusing comfort. There is a closer case in Wordsworth when he traced what he believed to be the signs of his country's corruption, because in her boundaries plain living and high thinking were no more, and peace, and fearful innocence, and pure religion had gone; and because men changed swords for ledgers, and deserted the student's bower for gold. Yet consider to what a passion of repentant love the thought of such reproaches drove him, with the anguish of one who for one moment has dared to detect a single fault in the beauty of his beloved's soul; "Now when I think of thee," he cries:—

Now when I think of thee, and what
thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee; we who
find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men:
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his
mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child.

Of such mood there is no trace in Mr. Kipling's "City of Brass." There can be no trace, because, as it appears to us, the Imperialist poets, of whom Mr. Kipling was the genius and, together with Henley, the originator, have loved England for her weakness and not for her strength. Other poets have sung a country dear for her reputation through the world. "Rule Britannia!" is not a great poem, but it was written to sustain our own freedom when we were at issue for its existence. Campbell's battle-odes have the splendor of a contest against almost overwhelming power. Tennyson's "Bury the Great Duke" was a grave incitement to maintain the stern ideal of duty and honor and devotion along whose paths the poet loved to think of our country moving. But with the Imperialist poets of fifteen years ago came the degrading note of brag and swagger—the spirit that cried in its own applause, "Judge, are we men of The Blood?"—that thought it virile to trample on the weak, and delighted in the conquest of little peoples because England's "whelps wanted blooding."

Henley, with his "Storm along, John!" was bad enough, no matter how bravely he made the bugles of England blow. Mr. Edgar Wallace is a true soldier-poet on his own line, and

he has the advantage of writing on soldiers and war from the inside and not as a spectator; but when he imitates Mr. Kipling in his patriotism and not in his dialect only, he descends to such bathos as the conclusion of "The Sea-Nation":—

> For us the seven seas in one:
> For landlocked hordes—oblivion.

Even Davidson, in his posthumous book of "Fleet Street," must needs end his varied and unequal struggle after poetry with an Imperialist ode that is of a piece with any Jingo's swaggering doggerel:—

> Sea-room, land-room, ours, appointed ours,
> Conscious of our calling and the first among the Powers!
> Our boasted Ocean Sovereignty, again and yet again!
> Our Counsel, and our Conduct, and our Armaments and Men!

The Nation.

One of our leading wits has lately compared the Imperialist to the cuckoo, because, among other obvious reasons, he always sings the same note. That note has now become a danger and degradation to our country, besides being an intolerable bore. But we all know of the cuckoo that, as the time approaches when, according to the country-people's saying, "in August Go he must," his note begins to fail and he can only get through one-half of it. May we not hope that the sound of failure and querulous disappointment in "The City of Brass" is a sign that the poetic August is also coming and the Imperialist monotony will at last cease dinning in our ears?

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Professor George Herbert Palmer's address on "Self-Cultivation in English," originally delivered at commencement at the University of Michigan, is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. in a cheap and convenient form which adapts it for use as a kind of tract for the dissemination of sound and sensible ideas on this highly important subject.

A "prize mystery story" is the definition affixed to the title of Miss Stella M. During's novel, "Love's Privilege," and a note on the cover informs the reader that of 35,000 readers only 106 correctly guessed the solution of the mystery, indubitable evidence of the author's skill. The story is, however, something better than a tale of murder by some unknown person or persons, for it presents three remarkably well studied types of feminine character. The villain is unmanly beyond credibility, but he soon disappears from the story and the other two men are fine fellows if not especially remarkable as detectives. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The second volume of Friedlander's "Roman Life and Manners Under the Early Empire," translated by Messrs. J. H. Freese and L. A. Magnus, covers new matter in the seventh and enlarged edition of the original. Its subjects are the spectacles, the amphitheatre, the theatre, Roman luxury, the arts, the artists and music. The scope of the work includes information, making it possible to compare the ancient Romans under the Empire with other nations and with the Romans of other days, and there is a great quantity of detail.

The Index, like the author's excursus and notes, is postponed until the fourth volume, but even as it stands the work is valuable to students of Roman history, and indispensable to the growing number of students who rebel against the drudgery of using the lexicon and biographical dictionary. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Winthrop Packard's "Wild Pastures" is a sheaf of eleven papers written apparently for no other purpose than to keep the No-eyes family in the state of humiliation to which they were long ago reduced by the good Anna Laetitia. Mr. Packard manages not only to see but to hear fascinating things in the most unpretentious places; and he goes forth in pursuit of elusive odors of flower, leaf and leaf bud and finds their source although he plunge thoro' brake, thoro' briar, as in the ancient catch. He is so agreeably sensitive to delicate gradations of color that his pages furnish a pleasant contrast to the perfervid glow of some similar works and leave one with a hope of some day enjoying experiences similar to his. The No-eyes person will indeed be abashed by his achievements, but the humble seeker after the vision will find him most encouraging. Twelve delightful pictures by Mr. Charles Copeland illustrate the sketches, and it is a quaint instance of the whimsicality of the book that the most interesting picture represents the skunk "who doesn't know where he is going, and isn't even on his way." The furtive, sinister aimlessness of the creature as he gazes straight at nothing is a thing to remember. Small, Maynard & Co.

The moral of much of the latest fiction is that anybody may be anybody, and the reader must go softly, making no rash decision as to the shape which the creature before him may next assume, but eyeing it carefully to catch the first sign of its next transformation. This ensures attention to the author, but lately two or three writers have gone further and have presented heroes who are two persons at once, like "the jollies, Her Majesty's jollies," and one of them is the chief character in Mr. Anthony Partridge's "The Kingdom of Earth." The "Kingdom" is like Belgium rather than any other land, but the hero is hardly to be supposed to be a portrait, inasmuch as he is both Crown Prince of Bergeland, and the mainspring of the conspiracy against its reigning house. He is made fairly credible and his adventures are not too wild to be accepted, and the heroine also may be accepted, in these days when Russian ladies of title deliberately plunge into infamy, calling their behavior work performed in behalf of liberty. This heroine stops short of degradation and murder, although she foolishly permits herself to join in a conspiracy, and the thread of her adventures and those of the Crown Prince become entangled so effectually that one is rather surprised to find both of them alive in the very satisfactory last chapter. "The Kingdom of Earth" is a very agreeable romance. Little, Brown & Co.

Do the same vampires, harpies, sirens, parasites, robbers of sorts lie in wait for every son of a rich father, especially if he be left an orphan? One must so believe or reject the theory of Mr. George Randolph Chester's very clever "The Making of Bobby Burnit," and the gay good nature with which the tale is related makes the thought of such rejection very unpleasing. Bobby's father not only constructed an exceedingly shrewd will, but he entrusted one of his business subordinates with a series of letters, each to be given to his son when the contingency described upon its gray envelope should arise, and although Bobby's career for the next

four years was anything but commonplace, letters exactly adapted to the occasion regularly appeared. One after another, various scoundrels, weaklings, and fools attempted to guide him, and one after another each taught him the lesson that no other species could teach, and little by little he changed from an honest, trustful simpleton into an honest, sagacious leader, and when this apparent impossibility was effected, the last of the series of letters was found to begin, "I know you'ld do it, dear boy." The doing is the story, and all innocent folk not too wise to learn from fiction may learn something from Bobby's failures, but instruction is not the end for which a novel is constructed, and "The Making of Bobby Burnit" excellently fulfils its actual end, amusement. Bobby is a delightful acquaintance and young women who read of him will echo Desdemona's wish when Othello was autobiographical. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Spiritualist acceptance and utilization of the work done by the Society for Psychical Research is one of the most amusing performances of the century to all persons not belonging to the society, for it is exactly in line with the tactics which they have pursued from the beginning. That such a book as Mr. Fremont Rider's "Are the Dead Alive?" should have a title page and preface insinuating that the S. P. R. is in some way responsible for it is not strange, and that its title should attract many credulous readers too wise to accept the New Testament evidence still standing after nineteen centuries of test and attack was to be expected. The contents include fragments from a large number of serious works of serious investigators arranged in a confusing fashion and mingled with other fragments conspicuous for bad logic. The title page, said to be "One of the most Remarkable Pictures of Levitation Ever Published," and described as showing the medium floating in the air, looks in its half tone reproduction like a picture of a gentleman standing on a step ladder but half concealed in a cabinet behind him, and partly supporting himself by resting his left hand on the knee of one member of the circle and his right hand on the arm of another member. It would need no ghost to supply the very slight agility necessary for such "floating." Any able-bodied hanger of wall paper, any upholsterer, any householder wont to put up stovepipes, any housemaid accustomed to wash windows could perform far more wonderful feats with no help from the dead—alive or otherwise. B. W. Dodge & Co.

When one examines the stories told of type-writing women by their sister-women one wonders whence a girl gathers courage to enter the business, and when one meets the strong, clever, excellent women who follow it one wonders how the novelists dare to write of them as belonging to the class which men fancy that they may insult. That they should, almost from the moment when the type-writing machine became a necessary piece of office furniture, have been virtually informed that they must not expect respectful treatment gave a startling evidence of the lowering of the standard of manly decency caused by immigration from countries in which no girl remains alone with a man for an hour and retains her good reputation. That they nevertheless followed their calling, and both demanded and obtained proper treatment showed that both the native and the immigrant girls were determined that the native theories of decency should not be abrogated, and their general success in carrying their point is equally creditable to their tact and their resolution, but, in spite of both, there are still men and women stupidly prejudiced against the type writer.

One of these women is Miss Elizabeth Dejeans, and the men in her story of "The Winning Chance" treat the typewriting heroine as if she were necessarily a light woman. The author makes her, in order to save her mother's life, accept a home and support from her married employer, and then presents a respectable young man perfectly acquainted with her story as anxious to marry her. Neither morality nor art is served by such a tale, and in its most sentimental passages a wicked impulse to laugh obtrudes itself. It is not possible to weep over the woes of a married man when a girl tells him that she loves another. Why should she not? J. B. Lippincott Co.

In spite of all that has been written and printed about Turkey during the years which have passed since the Crimean war, the popular conception of the Turk is a blended Othello and Nana Sahib with a dash of Haroun al Raschid. The popular fancy figures this pleasing creature as surrounded by an Ashanti Emperor's allowance of wives, and wearing a very large turban, or, as ferociously butchering innocent Christians and tossing babies on pikes, obtained the Djinns only know where in the present state of European armories. Now and then, a consul or an ambassador, and at rarer intervals, a missionary, ventures to correct a line or two in this portrait, but nobody minded such officiousness until the Young Turks flamed into action, and now there is a demand for knowledge; and those who seek may find some in "Haremlik," Mrs. Kenneth Brown's book of stories about Turkish wives and husbands. It by no means takes the place of formal handbooks or histories, but it supplements and vivifies them with its pictures of home-life, its reports of home-talk, and it should at once and forever dissipate the belief that well-educated, well-bred Turks are Moors, Rajputs, or Arabs. The author, a member of a Greek family resident in Constantinople for centuries, and holding high office there, was reared in the society of Turkish girls and boys, and after leaving the country for a few years returned to renew her acquaintance with old friends of both sexes and to refresh her recollections as to customs and habits of thought. She found that there really is a small group of noisy, discontented women, under the presidency of a leader who has divorced two husbands, and eager, as Mrs. Brown unkindly phrases it, to talk "tomfoolery about their souls," but she found all other women, first, second, third, or fourth wives, or slaves, or petted daughters, contented, with the exception of the very few who were jealous. Also, she discovered that instead of being struck dumb by Christian and occidental views of marriage, and other social usages, they were ready to dispose of them by ridicule; and were convinced that truth and happiness were the possession of the Mussulmans and especially of the Turks. This was the state of mind of women acquainted with the language and light literature of three, four, or five Christian nations and also with the poetry of Turkey. They were about as conscious of needing enlightenment from foreigners as a group of married graduates of Vassar and Radcliffe. This is equivalent, inasmuch as Turkish boys are reared by their mothers, to saying that the Young Turks are about as much disposed to accept the guidance of foreigners as the Kaiser was immediately after his accession, or as George Washington was after more than seven years of ruling a republic. Mrs. Brown is always interesting, but the student of national traits, and the observer of European politics will find her worth actual study. The harem life is the source of the Turk's feelings and sentiment. Houghton Mifflin Co.